

Responsible Revolution

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

Responsible Unionism

"**A**ERICAN LABOR is thirty years behind the British labor movement." Is there an English labor leader who has failed in the last ten years to make this cheerful observation? The presumption is that there is only one conceivable method of progression: the British. But, if the proposition of the Brotherhood workers now before the country should go through it is conceivable that another method distinctly American will be presented the world. It will not be a class conscious method, to be sure; it will not be concerned with rights but with opportunity for increased accomplishment. While the rest of the world for the large part, thanks to Russia, seems to have reached in revolutionary suggestion the point of saturation, we have remained characteristically immune. If the proposition of the Brotherhoods is endorsed it will not be because a new social, revolutionary consciousness has been evoked but because the scheme of finance supporting the old order is so obviously failing to float industrial enterprise; it will mean an assumption of new responsibility because of the irresponsibility of the old directorate and institution.

The Plumb Plan, as the proposal is called, is the only suggestion before the country which recognizes that further dependence on the present scheme of credit means industrial suicide; it is the only proposition that attempts to take hold of the transportation problem and solve it in the interest of transportation service. But the Plan is also a matter of special concern and lively interest because it reflects the sort of a labor program that appeals to the common run of people in the United States; it does not deal in theory; it is not concerned with class distinctions or interests or rights; it requires little imagination or reasoning to grasp its value. In short, it is not a labor but an industrial program. It is a hard-headed scheme for running the railroads of the country on a basis of efficiency; moreover it is a direct outgrowth of our corporate experience and in the matter of labor control and centralized power follows precedent with sufficient familiarity to forestall any serious charge of Bolshevik taint.

To restate briefly the Plan—it is already well advertised—I quote from Mr. Plumb's statement before the Interstate Commerce Committee. He told the Committee that the Plan proposed was an operating corporation where operating ability constituted the sole capital. He said:

We would recognize as operating ability the skill, industry, and application of every employee, from president down to office boy. . . . Such a corporation requires no capital. It should be organized under a federal law. It should be authorized to take and hold and operate those properties under the full regulatory power of the government, to whom it should account for all its operations and expenditures. It should be required to meet all costs of operation and fixed charges upon the capital employed which had been guaranteed by the government. A certain agreed percentage of the net results of operation should belong to this corporation. The stock of this corporation should be held in trust for the benefit of the employees. The earnings of the corporation should constitute a trust fund to be declared as a dividend upon the amounts paid to the labor which it employs, every employee receiving that proportion of this trust fund which his annual wage bore to the total annual compensation of all employees. The affairs of this corporation should be administered by a Board of Directors which we suggest, merely tentatively, should be selected in the following manner—one-third of the directors to be elected by the classified employees below the grade of appointed officials; one-third by the appointed officers and employees; the final third being appointed by the President of the United States. This Board of Directors should have the power to appoint all officers from the President down to the point where employment begins by classification and to prescribe the conditions of employment and classification of all other employees. . . . We would suggest [Mr. Plumb continued] that a wage board and boards of adjustment analogous to the present boards existing under the Director General of Railways should be organized.

The plan provides for an automatic reduction in rates; Mr. Plumb illustrates the operation as follows:

If the minimum rates so fixed would produce an operating revenue more than sufficient to meet the requirements of the service, we would suggest a method for providing for an automatic reduction in rates that would absorb the surplus. This can best be illustrated by way of example: assuming that the capital invested amounted to \$18,000,000,000 approximately—the amount of the book entry called "property investment account"—if the fixed charges on this amount were four per cent per annum it would be \$720,000,000. Assuming that the gross operating revenue were \$4,000,000,000 and the ratio of operating expense to gross operating revenue was seventy per cent, the net operating revenue would be \$1,200,000,000. Subtract

from this the fixed charges of \$720,000,000, you would have remaining \$500,000,000, which should be divided between the Government and the corporation half-and-half, labor receiving \$250,000,000 for a dividend on the pay roll, the Government receiving \$250,000,000 as its share of the net revenue. The Government's share, \$250,000,000, would be in excess of five per cent of the gross operating revenue. You could provide that whenever the total amount of net revenue paid to the Government exceeded five per cent of the gross operating revenue, the Interstate Commerce Commission should thereupon *adjust the scale of rates* in such manner as to absorb this . . . , thereby producing a . . . reduction in rates.

The proposal of the Brotherhoods is the only reconstruction scheme which has been presented to the country that does not sentimentalize over a system of credit which is passing through its first stages of senility. Mr. Plumb reminded the members of the Interstate Commerce Committee that the carriers are asking that Committee to frame legislation whereby the police power of the Government shall be exercised—not to protect the public from extortion but to protect those private interests from the effect of their own competition by assisting them in charging exorbitant rates. "It is a confession, an open confession," he remarked, "that the competitive system no longer exists." Appearing again before the Committee, on August 8, Mr. Plumb said that during the week the Brotherhoods and the A. F. of L. had come into possession of evidence which proved that "leading directly from Wall Street, from the banking houses controlled by the Morgan and Rockefeller groups, there was proceeding a systematized plundering of virtually all the public transportation highways of the United States, such as looted and wrecked the N. Y., N. H. & H., the Rock Island, the Chicago, Alton, and the Frisco lines. . . . The interests are again gathering their forces of private and secret control and seek, after having gained from Congress a sanction to rehabilitate their railroad properties at public expense, to begin again and follow through its corrupt and wicked cycle the systematized plundering and looting of the public and public interest in the nation's highways."

As opposed to the policy of loot, the Plumb scheme on its fiscal side is revolutionary. Moreover it reserves the dividends which result from an economy of administration for the force of workers who actually participated in effecting the economy, instead of distributing them as heretofore among the private owners who created nothing. It is revolutionary of course to award credit on the basis of ability to produce. The Plan is revolutionary because it commits the intolerable heresy of separating ownership and administrative

control. It jumps the whole period of state capitalism and state socialism and in the process robs a legion of office holders of the chance to batten on transportation at public expense. No wonder the hearing before the House on August 7 created a panic. State Socialism would have been infinitely preferable as it would have proved at least a heaven for the functionaries.

From the point of view of public service the Plan transcends all others which have been advanced; but there are two points, inherent in the old scheme of operation, which the proposed scheme fails to correct. One is, that where an economy in transportation, such as short hauls in place of long ones, would result in the curtailment of the volume of business, no assurance is given that the Board of Directors under the Plan would endorse a policy of curtailment. This objection to the Plan as it is presented could be met if it were specifically provided that representatives of the Interstate Commerce Commission or some other Federal agency especially created for the purpose were employed by the government to check up and develop an economy in the routing of freight. The second point of objection is the organization of the operating corporation. The point of pivotal significance in the Plan is that *ability* is the corporation's asset, and yet in stating the scheme of organization it is not made clear how the organization will be managed so as to release ability. The Plan, like private operation, depends for the workers' interest and responsibility on hope of financial reward. It makes no specific suggestion for attaining the interest and responsibility which follows participation in the solution of technical problems. There is no indication that the promoters of the Plan are not laboring under the old obsession that a citizen or a member of an organization is efficient if he casts a vote once in so often or if he is given a rake-off in the shape of profits once or twice during the year. It may be that those behind the Plan recognize that representative government and profit sharing have no relation whatever to responsibility; that these institutions are powerless to release ability. They may know that if the classified employees are to depend upon representatives for the development of administrative policies they will be as powerless as they are now as citizens to change state policy in matters, say, of housing or cost of food. If they realize this, as they must if they understand the technique of releasing ability, then they should make it clear that the success of organization is dependent for administrative measures upon an in-

tensive participation of the workers in the development of enterprise in every section of railroad operation; and that the business of the Board of Directors is to respond to and coordinate a decentralized organization of management. In giving the Plan support it is important to know whether or not the promoters appreciate the significance of decentralized administrative schemes such as the shop stewards of England propose.

It is particularly incumbent on the promoters to make this clear, since the honorary Vice-President of their League—the President of the A. F. of L.—has given his best energies to the development of centralized control. Indeed no corporation in the country can offer Mr. Gompers instruction along these lines. Moreover the reactionary press is looking to Mr. Gompers to save the situation. Pained and perplexed, The New York Times asks "Where does Mr. Gompers stand?"

Has he deserted us; that valiant patriot, hater of all things socialistic, brave spokesman for the old order of business-like business? Where does he stand? Does it matter? It is two months since the Convention of the A. F. of L. was held and Mr. Gompers was reelected president without opposition, his salary was increased and every administrative policy which he and his machine advocated was endorsed. But during the session of the convention, in the midst of official triumph, he was tested. The representatives of one hundred and fifty thousand Brotherhood men, Simon-pure trade unionists of anti-socialist reputation, laid before the Federation their scheme of credit and railroad administration. It was not stated that the scheme if successful would overturn the whole system of business finance, but all the details of the plan were presented. The measure was reported favorably to the Executive Council for action, without a doubt in the mind of any one that it would go through. Why? Not because the officers wanted it; not at all. The scheme offered was presented by officials, who from the trade union point of view had done the most complete job in labor organization that had ever been accomplished, who were as well received in the business world as Mr. Gompers, and who had been successful as Mr. Gompers could never hope to be with the nation's lawmakers. Moreover the scheme represented the triumph of trade unionism. What the Brotherhoods offered the Federation was a new band wagon; they could get on or stay off. The wagon looked painfully new but it also looked good and strong. They got on. If we may judge from Mr. Morrison's testimony before the House Com-

mittee in support of the Plan they are uncomfortable; they are hardly yet at home. They may even in their discomfort fall off, but—if they do? The new machine which drew up before the convention was equipped with twelve cylinder engines, while the Federation's was dependent upon a couple of old war-horses whose best days were past.

The war has strained business enterprise, on which the A. F. of L. has banked for its sustenance and life, to the breaking point. Neither the government nor the financiers can seriously affect the dizzy chase of wages after prices and prices after costs. Anarchy reigns; the pivotal point of the old order is lost. "Unauthorized" strikes are labor's subconscious reaction to that fact. In these strikes labor is feeling out for a new synthesis, not a class conscious one but an industrial order where wages and costs bear some relation to each other. The old machine of the Federation has no contribution to make along these lines. The Plan of the Brotherhoods gives a significant lead. Not, if you please, a class conscious one, but a clear cut business proposition. There is no idealism in the conception offered; there is no theory even of industrial democracy; but the Plan is exciting, and plainly a better case can be made out of it for presentation to the American public than any corporation privately financed and conducted in secret has yet been able to put up.

The banks before making industrial loans these days not only examine into financial credit and ability to make payments but also look into the record of the applicant firm or corporation: that is, into its success in so treating its men as to avoid strikes. If this is the settled policy of the banking houses, and the strike epidemic continues at its present rate, how many corporations will there be in existence that will come up to the requirements of the financiers, and on what basis of credit can loans be made in the future except on the ability of the producers themselves, as the Brotherhoods suggest, to deliver goods?

While the Plan is not consciously concerned with rights or ideals, it is based on the high coordinating factor in life—the principle of giving. It stands in direct opposition to the egoism of modern enterprise, which accepts the primitive idea of accomplishment and the satisfaction of individual desires as the reason for existence. While it is untouched by the proletarian aspirations of Europe, the Brotherhoods' scheme of industrial reorganization owes its life to the coordinating principle that has inspired the European renaissance.

HELEN MAROT.

Canada's One Big Union

THE CLOSE of the first convention of the One Big Union at Calgary in June marked the beginning of a new labor movement in Canada. The Winnipeg general strike, in spite of the conspiracy of silence on the part of the press bureaus of America has forced some news of the new movement to filter through to the United States and close students of labor affairs are paying increasing attention to Canadian developments. So meagre have been the facts reported in the press however that it is difficult for any except those who have been on the ground to appreciate the full significance of the situation in the Dominion. Had I been here, reading reports of the Winnipeg strike in newspapers which denounced it as a Bolshevik Revolution and an attempt to set up a Soviet Government, I would perhaps have been startled and found it difficult to account for the fact that a country which had long been noted for its conservative labor movement could suddenly reveal such a spirit on the part of organized labor.

Even though I was in the midst of the movement in Western Canada, watching it at close range, the speed with which it spread across the Dominion to the Eastern provinces surprised me. In September and October I was in Ontario and though the movement was already being heard from in the West, the radicals in the East looked upon the rank and file of the unions in Ontario as a hopelessly reactionary section of labor. Today in Toronto these unions are lining up by an overwhelming vote for the One Big Union after having demonstrated their advanced attitude by a general strike in sympathy with the Winnipeg strikers, a strike which affected two-thirds of the workers of Toronto and tied up the city for several days. In Montreal the Trades and Labor Council has voted endorsement of the One Big Union, completely reversing a position taken by it only a few weeks ago. In Cape Breton, returned soldiers and trade unionists have formed a Soldiers' and Workmen's Council in the most extensive coal and steel producing area of the Dominion, while in Nova Scotia the latest reports indicate that the workers everywhere will follow the rest of Canadian organized labor into the ranks of the One Big Union.

Thus it is evident that the new labor movement in Canada is a revolutionary industrial union movement. Growing out of the A. F. of L., it has captured the rank and file of the conservative craft unions and transformed their entire spirit. Realizing the futility of trying to force from power the

reactionary leadership of the Internationals, backed by the conservative membership south of the boundary, the Canadian workers have organized a Dominion-wide secession movement that has already launched a new organization and threatens to carry at least four-fifths of the membership of the Canadian unions out of the American Federation of Labor. With such overwhelming majorities it seems certain that the minorities now voting against the O.B.U. will prefer to go on with the new union and thus leave the A. F. of L. completely without representation in Canada with the possible exception of a handful of insignificant locals in trades that have no influence on the general industrial situation.

Under these conditions it becomes highly important to understand the foundations of the One Big Union movement.

The Constitution adopted at its first convention provides for an all-embracing form of labor organization after the pattern of the Industrial Workers of the World, the industrial subdivisions to be determined at the next convention. Its membership is open to all wage-workers and the maximum initiation fee is one dollar. Its General Executive Board will consist of a Chairman, Secretary, and representatives of the various industries. These officials are elected for six months only and their pay is \$40 per week. Power remains in the hands of the rank and file, all officials being subject to recall at any time by a majority vote of the body electing them. Conventions will be held every six months, proportional representation governing the number of delegates. In the matter of strikes and disputes, final decision rests securely in the hands of the rank and file.

While some features essential to a revolutionary industrial union organization are not covered by the One Big Union constitution, such as a universal transfer card system which would permit workers to pass from local units of one industry to another without payment of initiation fees or loss of standing, the constitution is broad and flexible enough to permit the easy perfection of all details in subsequent conventions.

The fundamental spirit of the movement is summed up in the final clause which reads:

Whenever a strike in any district or industry takes place, no member of the One Big Union shall handle directly or indirectly any products of the industry on strike.

"If they live up to that, they're all-right," said a revolutionary labor leader of international prom-

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inence to me. If we need a promise that the Canadian workers will live up to it, I think we can find it in the strike movement recently centered around Winnipeg. That this radical spirit of solidarity animates the rank and file of the Canadian workingclass has been amply demonstrated by the extraordinary response to the calls for sympathetic strikes to aid the workers in the building and metal trades of Winnipeg.

On the first of May these trades went on strike for a living wage. Although the One Big Union had not yet officially come into existence, the strike was controlled by One Big Union tactics and the striking trades were all united through the Metal Trades Council which proposed to represent them in dealing with the employers. The employers determined to make their fight at this point and refused to deal with the Metal Trades Council. So the strike came to a deadlock on this question and the big issue became the right of the workers to collective bargaining.

On May 15 the Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council called a general strike of all the organized workers of the city, in sympathy with the metal and building trades. The response of the workers to this general strike call resulted in the most complete cessation of work ever experienced on this continent. Winnipeg was dead. The normal life of the community ceased absolutely. No street cars moved. Teamsters, drivers, chauffeurs completed the tie-up of all vehicles. The shutting off of power stations stopped everything dependent upon electricity. No light, no water running through the mains. Abattoirs and creameries closed, cutting down the food supply. Telephone, telegraph, and mail service stopped. Waiters, cooks, hotel employees of all sorts joined the strike. Clerks and cleaners, scavengers and civil service employees, firemen and policemen had been organized and walked out with the rest.

For four days Winnipeg was helpless in the hands of Labor and Labor waited calmly with folded arms. Then the Strike Committee relieved the tension by issuing permits for several kinds of workers to return to work. Enough men were allowed in the pumping station to keep water flowing in one and two story buildings. The workers do not live in skyscrapers in Winnipeg. Milk wagon drivers were allowed to deliver milk to hospitals. Enough firemen and policemen were allowed to return to meet an emergency. This demonstration of power merely maddened the employers. The press had been stopped by the strike of typographical workers and pressmen. A citizen's committee of 1,000 was formed to combat the Soviet of the strikers. They

found volunteer printers and began to issue a four page daily paper called the Citizen. The strikers replied by changing the Western Labor News, their organ, from a weekly to a daily.

The Citizen and the capitalist press elsewhere throughout the Dominion denounced the strike as an attempt to set up a Soviet government in Canada. The resumption of activities in Winnipeg to a sufficient extent so that no one should suffer any hardship and be deprived of the necessities of life was a concession of the strike committee of 300. This was intolerable to the citizen's committee who demanded to know by what right the strike committee should dictate that food be distributed. The government stood quite helpless. The man-power in all its departments was out on strike. The officials fumed but could not function. The postal employees were officially dismissed. An ultimatum was issued to the police but they refused to return to work and were dismissed from the Chief down. Mr. Robertson, the Dominion Minister of Labor, came to investigate and declared the blame for the strike should rest upon the One Big Union.

Mr. Robertson had previously encountered the new spirit of labor in Winnipeg about a year ago. On that occasion the city employees, postal clerks, and police struck for the right to organize in labor unions. When the city officials refused to grant this right the Trades and Labor Council began to call out other workers, one trade after another. When the strike threatened to reach the proportions of a general tie-up, Mr. Robertson arrived on the scene and ordered the city government to recognize the strikers right to organize. Now, however, the government employees were striking in sympathy with other trades. Mr. Robertson detected a difference and ordered the dismissal of the postal workers. The incident illustrates the attitude of the Canadian government in the face of its new problem of labor and the defiance of the government employees demonstrates the impotency of this attitude. Directly out of the Winnipeg strike of a year ago the One Big Union movement may properly be said to have grown. The spirit of solidarity then manifested, in which the rank and file of the trade unions defied all edicts of International officers, broke contracts, and struck in sympathy with the city employees, heralded the beginning of the end of the A. F. of L. in Canada.

During the past winter the advocates of industrial unionism within the Canadian Federation in the four Western provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia organized for the propaganda of the one big union idea and secession from the A. F. of L. In April this move-

ment had advanced to the point where a referendum was being taken of all the Canadian unions except the railroad brotherhoods. When the Winnipeg strike began this referendum had already shown a vast majority of the workers in the four provinces to be in favor of the secession move. The referendum was completed during May and showed 88 per cent of the organized workers in Western Canada in favor of the One Big Union. Its first convention was called to open on June 5 at Calgary.

In the meantime the O. B. U. advocates had called for another referendum for a sympathetic strike and one after another the cities of Western Canada were tied up by strikes which in many instances reached the same proportions as that in Winnipeg. Simultaneously the movement had spread eastward, and in Toronto more than 15,000 workers went out in sympathy with their Winnipeg brothers. All over the eastern section of the country the referendum upon the question of secession has continued and everywhere the returns indicate the same large majorities for the One Big Union. To date no city or town in Canada has voted against the O. B. U. and I have heard of no local union in any important industry voting down the proposition.

The Calgary Convention completely severed organized labor in the four Western provinces from the Federation and at the present rate of growth it seems but a matter of a few weeks when Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces will have completely joined the movement. The next convention, which will take place in November, will bring about the formation of the industrial sub-divisions; and for the first time in history we will see the active labor groups of a whole nation completely organized upon industrial union lines. One reason for postponing the formation of the industrial sub-divisions undoubtedly is the hope of having the running trades of the railroads to form the backbone of the transportation industry.

Though the railroad workers in Canada as in the United States have been generally looked upon as one of the most conservative sections of the labor movement, their recent activities in the West reveal in a startling way the extent to which the one big union idea has spread among them.

In Winnipeg during the last week of the general strike the railroad workers voted to join the sympathetic strike if the policemen were dismissed by the city and when the police were dismissed stood ready to tie up the railroads upon the call of the strike committee. For this action three locals were expelled by their Internationals and locals of railroad workers were also expelled in Edmonton, Cal-

gary, and Regina. Thus already the breach has been made in the running trades and its spread will inevitably mean the gathering of the railroad workers into the fold of the O. B. U.

With practically every other type of overland transportation worker already organized the O. B. U. will have a firm grip upon this basic industry. The mining, metal, and building industries in Canada are perhaps the best organized trades in the Dominion, and they are strongest for the O. B. U. The wide extent of organization among civil service employees and the strong industrial union spirit among them is a very important factor—as the general strike situation proved.

Though the Winnipeg strike was called off by the workers pending negotiation of the questions at issue in the building and metal trades dispute, the strike was not by any means lost and as one of the leaders told me they will undoubtedly "come back stronger next time."

An indication that their power is not lessening is shown by the action of the government in the case of the arrested strike leaders. These men were arrested during the last week of the strike and charged with "seditious conspiracy." They were held without bail and the government threatened to try them in camera and deport them. But the O. B. U. immediately issued a call for a Dominion-wide general strike and balloting began. The government promptly backed down and during the past week they were released on bonds, the highest bail being \$4,000.

The demand of the Citizen's Committee for the deportation of these men was part of a general propaganda carried on against the strikers by stimulating the timeworn enmities against "foreigners and aliens." In Western Canada the native sons are the English, Irish, Scotch, and Americans who were the earlier pioneers of this comparatively recently settled country. While there are considerable numbers of other European peoples to be found in the mines, on the farms, and in many industries, I found that the native sons were the predominant element in the labor movement as elsewhere and the "anti-foreigner" campaign made little headway against a labor organization, the leaders of which bear such distinctly "Canadian" names as Pritchard, Midgely, Johns, Knight, Naylor, Russell, Hazeltine, Berg, Wells, Kingsley, Robinson, Armstrong, Ivens, Bray, Brown, Craig, and Irvine.

The thing that finally impresses an observer of this new Canadian labor movement is the quiet calmness of its propaganda. There are a few brilliant orators among them and a great many able exponents of the industrial union idea but the great

educator of the Canadian workers has been the war. It was probably the ideological effect on the people of the war-time propaganda that has counted most in the awakening of labor, accompanied of course by the evolution of industrial conditions that drove home to them the impotency of craft unionism and the need of a form of labor organization that ran parallel to the organization of industry effected by the capitalists. The workers were told they were fighting for democracy. They were told they were fighting to make the world a better place to live in. They were told it was a war to end war. They were told that when it was finally won nothing would be too good for them and that the country belonged to them. In the meantime they saw the profiteers flourishing and the government prussianizing the Dominion with its Orders-in-Council against all the commonly accepted rights of man.

When the war ended and reconstruction began it

found the Canadian workers preparing to profit by the lessons they had learned. Dependence upon political parties in the past had disillusioned them. The war had given them a sense of their economic power. They are beginning to understand what democracy really means and are demanding its application to their industrial life which they now recognize as being the all-important phase of life for the working class. They have learned that the way to end war is not by more militarism but by working class solidarity. They believed the profiteering patriots who told them the country belonged to them in order to get them to fight for it and they are now proposing to take possession of their property. They believe, apparently, that the One Big Union is the instrument through which they will finally achieve these aims.

BEN LEGERE.

Military Paternalism and Industrial Unrest

THE END OF the Great War marked for America the consummation of one victory and the promise of another. The United States had shared lightly in the burden—and richly in the glory—of the Allied military triumph. Our industries, like our army, had been continuously and eagerly on the offensive, and were still far short of their potential striking force. Our resources in men, money, and materials were almost untouched, seemingly unlimited. Our factories and ships were ready—and our ambitions were nowise behindhand. What we had done for the Allied cause in the war of nations we would soon be doing for ourselves in war for world markets.

Such was the hope of big business here in America. Such was the fear of our old-time competitors in exhausted Europe. Perhaps it was this fear of American commercial expansion as much as an anticipation of German resurgence that gave rise to the eagerness of England to acquire new markets and of France to annex fresh reservoirs of raw materials. And certainly it was self-confidence as much as altruism that made us indifferent to British and French expansion. The French were welcome to dig coal in German mines and the British to sell manufactures in German Africa; we would produce our own raw materials, work them up in our own factories, float them in our own ships, and sell them in every colonial and European market. For the time being at least, German competition could be disregarded. England was crippled by an enormous loss of man power, burdened by debt, short of materials and ships.

France labored under even greater disabilities; for the present her ruined industrial region might be considered a liability rather than an asset. Italy was too poor to be a good customer, much less a rival. Japanese competition was more a threat than a present reality. The very capitals of colonial empires clamored for goods to fill the gap left by four and a half years of under-production and wholesale ruin. Wall Street saw all this, and Wall Street thought that America was about to become the exploiter of exploiters—powerful enough to be imperially generous.

Many of our captains of industry were so completely consistent and so sure of their position that they were willing not only to countenance the imperialist expansion of France and England but, by subscribing to the League of Nations, to guarantee the maintenance of the new status quo. Now it is commonly said that distaste for change, and tender solicitude for the preservation of law and order, are marks of those who have arrived. When solicitude for the lawful and orderly maintenance of a world-wide status quo is manifested by persons not noted for altruism, a thing or two may be inferred as to the extent of the power wielded by these persons.

In fact our captains of industry found themselves in a position to be generous, not only with foreign imperialism, but with American labor and the American government. War-time experience had proved beyond peradventure that under a regime of kindly regulation and with the backing of a safe-and-sane labor movement, the proprietary

class could reap richer profits than industry had ever been known to yield in the days when time and energy were dissipated in fights with the politicians and the unions. Thus it came about that the biggest and canniest of big business men managed to combine with support of the League of Nations a most friendly attitude toward the government and an "enlightened" policy toward the "legitimate" trade union movement.

Now if the times fulfill their promise there is in store for these gentlemen a double disillusionment. In the first place, the League of Nations will not guarantee to us wide-open world markets, well-policed at somebody else's expense. And secondly, the American labor movement will not be forever content with rule by the divine right of ownership, however enlightened this rule may be. Faced with the monopolistic policy of European nations ready to make good with military power what they lack in material resources—threatened with the desertion of craft-union groups that have been considered as conservative as big business itself—the new imperialism of peace and platitudes is doomed to failure. And already, before the failure is everywhere acknowledged, the old imperialism comes forward with a panacea for all predicaments—military force.

Foreign aggression against America is for the time being unthinkable. The nations are too much exhausted; plunder is too easily to be had elsewhere. Obviously a great army and an expanded navy are not necessary for the protection of American shores against invasion. But if, contrary to the creed of the new imperialism, trade still follows the flag—if England, France, and Japan do actually plan to monopolize the valuable concessions in the territories they have won in Asia and in Africa and are perhaps to win in Eastern Europe—then the United States must have arms to protect her commerce in the Far East and in the two Americas. And if the most respectable of labor groups is suddenly to exchange the policy of collective bargaining for a policy of nationalization that stirs the imagination of the fieriest radicals, then certainly the time has come for the mobilization of all material and spiritual forces for the defense of decent and lawful exploitation at home and abroad.

The feature of the mobilization plan that is receiving most attention just now is the proposal for universal military training. It goes without saying that, League or no League, the adoption of a universal training program would have a most salutary effect upon Japanese plans for monopolizing the Far East, and would put us in a way to do a little monopolizing on our own account in

Mexico and Central America. European domestic and colonial tariff policies would doubtless also be effected in a manner not unfavorable to American interest. But more difficult to determine and of more immediate importance is the relation of universal military training to industrial unrest.

In the consideration of this matter it is above all things necessary to distinguish sharply between war-time service and peace-time training. It is notorious that the experiences of the Great War bred in many men, not subservience, but radicalism of the kind since manifest in organizations that link dangerously the activities of Workmen and Soldiers. In one class of cases, this radical spirit may be regarded as a kind of sport—the offspring of the official union of militarism and idealism. Many of the men made radical by the war stood convinced at one time that the Fourteen Points and the several supplements thereto were worth fighting for. Like practically everybody else in the military service, they had no mental function in army routine that would suffice to keep them individually alive, but they did somehow succeed in preserving their existence as individuals, in the face of the mechanization of the means of war, by a resurgent interest in its ends. And it is because of their interest in the ends of the war that these men are today disillusioned, disappointed, undesirable.

Now the proponents of universal military training need have no fear that service in time of peace will produce radicalism of this sort, for if there is any one thing that characterizes a non-fighting army, and distinguishes it from all other large-scale organizations of humankind, it is that the army is all means, and no ends. Complications of administration and rigidly prescribed formalities of procedure have been developed to such a degree that the officers of the staff and the line and the men in the ranks manage to keep up a show of activity without ever getting anything done. It is because the army was everlastingly doing things to itself that it had so much trouble, at the outbreak of the war, in making a start at doing something to Germany. Civilian irregularity, enthusiasm, and purposefulness—never quite eliminated from the National Army—must inevitably be squeezed out of the peace-time training system by "hard-boiled" sergeants, and professional officers whose pride it is that they feel nothing, know nothing, and do nothing except as "directed by higher authority."

What is true of the army as an institution is as emphatically true of its individual members; their responsibilities have been pared down to an irreducible minimum; their business is to be—not to

produce. Pay, food, clothing, shelter, medical care, allowances, pensions, come automatically to every man who can get into the service, keep alive, and obey purposeless orders without asking embarrassing questions. In many respects the soldier gets exactly the same treatment as is accorded to dependents, defectives, and delinquents in state institutions. Thus the military system, with its various charitable auxiliaries, deprives a man first of the facilities, and finally of the ability to take care of himself. From the standpoint of animal existence, this sort of thing may be all very well as long as paternalism fulfills its function and shoes and "corned willie" come forth in due course. In war-time, men are even willing to endure certain stoppages in the flow of provender.

But the complete and sudden lapse of paternalism that has marked the demobilization period is another matter altogether. Men who have been cherished for two years by the government and the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. have come all at once to the end of irresponsibility; the stay-at-homes have given them chocolate and cigarettes—and taken their jobs. To the radicalism of the disappointed idealists who kept themselves alive in spite of paternalism, there has thus been added the radicalism of disappointed stomachs that know not how to fill themselves without paternal aid.

But the advocates of universal training have even less to fear from the radicalism of hunger than from the radicalism of disillusionment. The latter,

born of a too keen consciousness of responsibility, is purely a war-time phenomenon; with no war, no aims, and no illusions, there can be no disillusionment. The radicalism of hunger, on the other hand, is born of irresponsibility and is easily remediable by the extension of military paternalism to the industrial field. It was precisely this type of military-industrial organization that characterized the neatly ordered Germany of pre-war days. And now, consciously or unconsciously, the advocates of universal military training propose the importation of this system into the United States.

At a time when the very Senate is forced to discuss the possibilities of the responsible control of production by the producers, American labor may find it advisable to face squarely the other great issue before the people. The leaders of the labor movement will do well to ponder upon the free and easy use of mobilization to break railroad strikes in France and England. They will do well to ask themselves—more abstractly—what labor has to gain from the triumph of imperialism abroad; and whether a universal apprenticeship in blind obedience and parasitic irresponsibility is the best preparation for self-government in industry at home. And above all these leaders who now hold fate in their hands will do well to consider *first* and *now* a question that European labor asks last, and often too late: "When we strike, what will the army do?"

GEROID ROBINSON.

To a Thrush at Evening

O I can hear you
When the mist comes down
Like a proud pale lady
With a rustling gown.

And oh!
How my heart
Like the mist is light,
When I hear you sing
In the cool of night.

O brown little singer,
You sing from the dawn,
Till the long dark shadows
Cover up the lawn.

And my heart is gay
When the mist comes down
Like a proud pale lady
With a rustling gown.

HERBERT GERHARD BRUNCKEN.

And oh!
Then I listen
When the mist comes down
Like a proud pale lady
With a rustling gown.

When the swallows blot
The sunset sky,
And the minstrel lark
Has ceased his cry;

Then oh!
Brown singer
In the woodway aisles,
Your note is a prayer
To the long tree files.

The Ordeal of Reality

"ALL LITERATURE," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson in 1878 (*Aes Triplex*), "from Job and Omar Khayyam to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman, is but an attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of Life." And a decade later, when the implications of Darwinism were staggering the orthodox mind, he made his most thorough attempt to see life steadily and see it whole, in an essay which, whatever its contribution to a philosophy of life, is an authentic contribution to literature. Pulvis et Umbra, discovering a Stevenson still reminiscent of the "sedulous ape" busy with a "laborious pasticcio of Sir Thomas Browne," also discovers a representative contemporary mind, fundamentally orthodox, which is staggered to the pitch of eloquence by the current revolution in scientific notions:

It is not strange if we are tempted to despair of good. We ask too much. Our religions and moralities have been trimmed to flatter us. . . . The human race is a thing more ancient than the ten commandments; and the bones and revolutions of the Kosmos, in whose joints we are but moss and fungus, more ancient still. Of the Kosmos, in the last resort, science reports many doubtful things, and all of them appalling. . . . This stuff, when not purified by the lustration of fire, rots uncleanly into something we call life; seized through all its atoms with a pediculous malady; swelling in tumors that become independent, sometimes even (by an abhorrent prodigy) locomotory. . . . And meanwhile our rotatory island loaded with predatory life, and more drenched with blood, both animal and vegetable, than ever mutinied ship, scuds through space with unimaginable speed, and turns alternate cheeks to the reverberation of a blazing world, ninety million miles away.

But this brave gesture away from the anthropocentric conviction—this iterated recognition of man as a "vital putrescence of the dust," a "disease of the agglutinated dust," a "hair-crowned bubble of the dust"—swept "the browsers, the biters, the barkers" into the human fellowship only to bestow upon them the human strife to do well and use them to point the orthodox moral ("God forbid it should be man that wearies in well-doing"), before it came to rest in the attitude of faith and pious hope—"surely not all in vain."

A decade and a half more and this literary tradition, even to the sonorous echo of Browne's *Hydrotaphia*, was enriched by a more rigorously philosophical man of letters, Mr. Bertrand Russell. *A Free Man's Worship* (in *Mysticism and Logic*; Longmans, Green; 1918) recognized more clearly

than ever Stevenson could the unconscious hostility of nature and the inevitable snuffing-out of human civilization, but restored to man his unique dignity as critic of the universe. It substituted "unyielding despair" for pious hope, and for conforming faith a proud defiance of "the irresistible forces that tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation." In a very recently published essay, *Dreams and Facts* (in the *Athenaeum*), Mr. Russell has reinforced this non-conformity with an examination of the wish-basis of "the day-dreams which we call beliefs."

Men's personal and group-dreams may be ludicrous, but their collective human dreams, to us who cannot pass outside the circle of humanity, are pathetic. . . . In the visible world, the milky way is a tiny fragment; within this fragment, the solar system is an infinitesimal speck, and of this speck our planet is a microscopic dot. On this dot, tiny lumps of impure carbon and water . . . crawl about for a few years, until they dissolve again into the elements of which they are compounded. They divide their time between labor designed to postpone the moment of dissolution for themselves, and frantic struggles to hasten it for others of their kind.

But if this very insistence upon the immensity of the universe seem to impose man's mensuration on nature, to display in fact a left-handed if satirical anthropocentrism, make the most of that while you can; the concluding paragraph corrects it:

There is a stark joy in the unflinching perception of our true place in the world, and a more vivid drama than any that is possible to those who hide behind the enclosing walls of myth. . . . No man is liberated from fear who dare not see his place in the world as it is; no man can achieve the greatness of which he is capable until he has allowed himself to see his own littleness.

Certainly the Browne-Stevenson tradition has lost nothing of the picturesque and the dramatic under Mr. Russell's austerer pen. What it has gained is thrown into sharp relief by the short-comings of its latest contributor.

This is Mr. H. G. Wells, who in many respects—as blithe romancer, up-to-date sermonizer, and popular philosopher, no less than as the practiced stylist in mood and phrase—is our generation's journalistic approximation of R. L. S. As doubtless becomes an indefatigable writer of tracts, Mr. Wells did not, until recently, think the world intractable. To be sure, his heroes and heroines regularly failed to have their way with the world, but the fault was in themselves, or else in the perversity of that human nature in which they were conscious partners and which they usually essayed

to reshape nearer to the heart's desire. Their reverses had the look of retribution for individual or collective error, for miscalculated (rather than incalculable) passion, for rebellious prejudice—in the terms of the older orthodoxy, punishment for sin. And in those days you never put down a Wells novel dreaming though right were worsted, wrong would triumph; always there was the comfortable faith that, let the given instrument be broken, the cause went marching on and ultimately sweetness and light would prevail; you were left the pious hope of a democratic millennium.

Latterly, however, Mr. Wells has been less sure of his world. In his generation nothing so simple as the origin of species or the descent of man could stagger him; he has exploited, and is still exploiting, evolution with all the gusto his first fantastic inventions provoked in him. It is clear now that the thing which staggered Mr. Wells was the thing Mr. Britling was unable to see through alone: at the same time that the war took the bounce out of Mr. Britling's optimism, it inoculated his creator with a spiritual malaria. And it is possibly significant of the novelist's representative relationship to his generation that with Mr. Britling Sees It Through he recaptured his place on the list of best-sellers in America. For there were campaigns during which other optimisms than Mr. Wells' sickened for a Lord of Hosts, and shortly there were other faiths in democracy that found it comforting to clasp the hand of an Invisible King—preferably, of course, that of a constitutional monarch, or of a President of the Republic of Mankind, but in any event as firm a hand as might be. One suspects, moreover, that souls are among those organs that announce their existence only when they are ailing, and that when the Soul of a Bishop needs attention it may be symptomatic of an epidemic among the laity. Whether or not you regard the authors of Mr. Britling and the two succeeding novels as the victim of a spiritual epidemic, you can scarcely escape the fact of his malady. During three books—or, more strictly, during two and a half books, for Mr. Britling really did see things half-way through—the erstwhile confident peddler of New Worlds for Old looked as strangely on his new earth as must our forefathers when they were creditably informed that flat was round, or our fathers when they began to surmise the literal truth of their figurative "dust to dust." Stevenson was no swifter to fling a decent cloak of idealism round his suddenly naked Kosmos than Mr. Wells to cover this new earth of his with one new heaven after another.

The onlooker barely had time to wonder what fault the creator had condemned in the previous member of this tragic dynasty before another head was in the basket! Then came Joan and Peter, which Randolph Bourne was encouraged to herald as a "complete convalescence" for Mr. Wells (The Relegation of God; The DIAL, September 19, 1918.) Mr. Wells had put his "middle-class god . . . familiarly but decisively in his place," a dusty workshop in which the Old Experimenter said to Peter, "If you have no will to change it, you have no right to criticize it." This sounded like the ante-bellum Mr. Wells. And this world, subject to salvation through education, looked very much like that tractable world that had been forever about to yield to conscious control.

But if Joan and Peter marked a convalescence, its successor, The Undying Fire (Macmillan), indicates a relapse. Once more Mr. Wells doubts whether the world can save itself; once more he invents a Redeemer to endorse his incorrigible millennial hope. The Undying Fire depicts man's plight in the physical universe with so vivid an imagery and so moving an eloquence that it properly belongs in the line of the Browne-Stevenson tradition. At the same time it fitfully approaches so near to the wise disillusion of Mr. Russell that its very fallings-short reinforce the lesson that there is salvation for us neither in Conscious Control, nor in Education, nor in faith in the Undying Fire of intuition of an organizing God at work in the hearts of men to make for orderly righteousness, nor in any hope-breeding mirage this newest anthropomorphic deity may dangle on the horizon of the desert of reality; but only in "the unflinching perception of our true place" in an indifferent universe. This is the only truth the knowledge of which can make us free. That Mr. Wells should perceive this truth, flinch, and then rest his eyes upon the old Utopian horizon, is a symptom of the recrudescence, with a special virulence, of his spiritual malady.

"From Job and Omar Khayyam," wrote Stevenson; and Mr. Wells has turned back to the Book of Job for the outline and personae of The Undying Fire. (Would not the sounder author of Mr. Polly have turned to Omar?) The narrative setting of Job—the wager in Heaven, Satan's swift rain of disasters, the three garrulous comforters, Elihu's reproof, Jehovah's voice in the whirlwind, Job's restoration—he appropriates precisely as anyone may appropriate any myth and translates almost point for point into twentieth century terms. God concedes to Satan that Job of the Land of Uz has

now become mankind, and permits the Adversary to try Man to the uttermost: "See if he is indeed no more than a little stir amidst the slime, a fuss in the mud that signifies nothing." So Job Huss, a Wellsian schoolmaster, loses school-buildings, money, health, his son (reported killed at the front), and his wife's devotion—everything but his flair for challenging God. To him come two trustees of his school, Sir Eliphaz Burrows and Mr. William Dad, and the science master, Mr. Joseph Farr, who covets Job's headmastership, all bent upon taking his very school from him. While he waits for the London specialist who is to operate upon him for cancer these three, like the three ancient worthies whose namesakes they are, sit down round him to rebuke him for his heterodoxy, which has been the Wellsian positivism in education, and to convict him of the sin his misfortunes seem to them to establish. Fifty pages of talk, and enter Dr. Elihu Barrack, the local physician, to voice the rationalist rebuke. There are a hundred pages more of talk before the specialist arrives and operates. Then in a very short chapter, clearly a perfunctory coda that interests Mr. Wells even less than its model interested the author of the Book of Job, Huss has restored to him his health, his money, his school, his son, and the dubious affection of his drab and selfish wife—items for the groundlings, who must ever be shown material signs.

Such is the myth-frame appropriated—without an attempt to make it square with reason—for the altogether reasonable action of what Mr. Wells has called a "contemporary novel." Contemporaneous it is, and with a journalistic vengeance; but it has about the same right to the term "novel" as one of the more vivid Platonic dialogues might have. The reproach is not to Mr. Wells, but to a public that, having ceased conversing, has ceased listening to conversation except when a Shaw or Brieux gulls it with scenery, properties, and costumes, or a Wells decoys it with the appearance of narrative. The one hundred fifty pages of straight talking present Mr. Wells' newest contribution to the oldest problem. The conversation is saturated with the brooding moodiness that is his signature. Between Job and Elihu, at least, it maintains for a time a certain new attitude of impartiality, an antiphonal eloquence somewhat reminiscent of Lowes Dickinson's Modern Symposium. One almost begins to hope that Mr. Wells is on the road to recovery. Then his Undying Fire of a god sides with Huss, who has just passed under the anesthetic. Where once Job heard Jehovah speak from the whirlwind, Huss now sees his god speak in "thoughts that ran like swift

rivulets of fire through his brain and gathered into pools and made a throbbing pattern of wavelets, curve within curve, that interlaced." And he is comforted with a mere "surely not all in vain."

But Mr. Huss, always only a little less susceptible than Mr. Britling, is a very sick man; the tougher-minded who will have followed his desolating challenges to this point will scarcely be comforted so easily. His landlady, when he told her he should be ill in her house, said to him in unconscious *vers libre*: "We 'ave to bear up with what is put upon us. We 'ave to find strength where strength is to be found. Very likely all you want is a tonic of some sort. Very likely you've just let yourself go. I shouldn't be surprised." Admirably exact in diagnosis and prescription! In order to bear up under all that had been put upon him, Mr. Huss did have to find strength wherever he could; and he really stood in dire need of a tonic long before he had ceased letting himself go. For instance, he could not defend himself from the charge that his suffering proved him a sinner without sketching for his orthodox visitors something of the universal misery in nature, a task congenial to his pain-ridden mood. And that led him into the world-old dilemma of the anthropomorphic worshipper: how can man trust such a creator to treat him fairly? Either God is malignant, or He is indifferent. . . . Mr. Farr very properly challenges the insolence of his anthropomorphism; but if the universe is to be dehumanized, Mr. Huss can only cling with Promethean rebellion to the "fire of human tradition we have lit upon this little planet," until it shall be extinguished in the ultimate cold. The prospect is too much for Sir Eliphaz, who falls back upon the argument from design—"the stately procession of life upon earth . . . the glorious crescendo of evolution, up to its climax, man." But this, in turn, is altogether too easy for Mr. Huss: where now are the earlier products of that crescendo, and what evidence is there that man will not follow them into oblivion? So Sir Eliphaz drops his "apologetics for the scheme of Nature" and goes in for the moral-gymnasium view of the world—and "voluptuous whiffs of immortality." Here he has behind him "two thoroughly scientific men, Dr. Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge," the latter of whom has behind him "that wonderful thinker—and *how* he thinks—Professor Bergson." Abruptly all these have before them not only Job Huss but Dr. Elihu Barrack as well, to whose shrewd questions Sir Eliphaz replies blandly, "We don't know. Why should we?" Mr. Huss however will "not hear

of a God who is just a means of getting away." Having but now lost his son, he knows only too well that "personal immortality," with every defect ironed out, "is a mockery of our personalities. . . . The immortal thing in us is the least personal thing"—to wit, the Undying Fire—and by that tonic fire he lives.

So far Job. Huss has pretty much dominated the conversation with his personal demands upon the universe—his humanism, his private sense of justice, the somewhat hysterical rebellion kindled in him by the Undying Fire. Now begins the duel with Dr. Barrack. The doctor is not long in demonstrating that he has the only consistently "tough" mind in the company. There is no panic in the clear eye which recognizes that the waning of his instincts will prelude his extinction; meanwhile he maintains a lively and intelligent curiosity about the continuity of things, which he calls *The Process*; *The Process* conditions him, and he is resigned to it without illusion. That Mr. Wells retains at least enough mental health to be interested in this type of mind is indicated not only in the comparative impartiality of Barrack's presentation, but also in the fact that Barrack is permitted a rival pedagogical theory and the scope to support it cogently. To Huss the "modern fatalism" of this sort of mind is "submissive." Yet it has vitality and the ring of integrity; here, admittedly, it is coarse, perhaps a little obscurantist, but it could take a very much finer edge with no sacrifice of temper. The Huss mind, on the contrary, by far the more delicate instrument, grows more and more "tender," seems more and more to recoil from reality: it worries about Russia, where it amazingly finds that "art, science, reasoned thought, creative effort, such things have ceased altogether"; it gets persuaded that "the supreme fact is exhaustion" (a very different note from Barrack's "waning instincts"); it is a little panicky in opposing evil—"disorder," that is, plural fact—a little housewifely in proposing the monism of cooperative tidiness; it agonizes too much about the "Adversary." You come to feel that it has overtrained. As the debate advances to its Pentecostal close, Huss leans more and more desperately upon the faith that is in him, Barrack more and more confidently upon his critical intelligence. Though Mr. Wells would have you believe that nothing but the advent of the London surgeon saves Barrack from discomfiture, the truth is that it is Huss who has been saved from maudlin dogma. Under the anesthetic he recovers courage, appropriately, from the god within him; but the visitation comes late,

when the debate has been concluded, and as a tonic wish—rather a fulfillment of his faith than as an answer to any challenge.

Not thus did Jehovah come to Job. Job, it will be remembered, had steadily deepened his skepticism, sharpened his challenge to the imperative "let God reply!" In the poem it was Job who was heterodox, Elihu who was orthodox. Did Mr. Wells miss the significance of the poem? Or did he deliberately invert the roles of Job and Elihu? In either event he has proved himself a more thorough conformist than the forgotten author of the Book of Job, longer on obstinate belief, shorter on courageous reason. Dr. Barrack should have been the protagonist of his modern version. That he is not is the measure of the novelist's decline since he discovered the recalcitrance of the world and the tractability of God.

Before Mr. Wells wrote *The Undying Fire* he should have had access to H. M. Kallen's volume *The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy Restored* (Moffat, Yard). Mr. Kallen understands both Job and God a great deal better than Mr. Wells does, and his penetrating discussion of their relation to each other provides a guide to reality and to "the excellence proper to man" that is both sound and bracing. It is "a brave book to take counsel with." His daring, ingeniously supported hypothesis that the author of *The Book of Job* really wrote in the Euripidean manner, though it demands a minimum of textual rearrangement, for the first time offers Job a version coherent enough to let him speak out clearly for himself, released at last from the web of interested exegesis that has entangled him. He now speaks for himself so convincingly that this report of him is likely to obtain, whatever critical fate overtakes Mr. Kallen's hypothesis or historical commentary.

The hypothesis is seriously entertained by Gilbert Murray and George Foot Moore, whose introduction to the volume sketches the history of the notion that the Book of Job was originally a drama. We cannot follow here the plausible considerations that Mr. Kallen adduces in support of his conjecture: the various avenues by which Hellenic influences could have reached the author of the poem, the numerous resemblances to the Euripidean form that its surviving text reveals, and so on. Let it suffice us that the "restored" tragedy functions successfully both on the stage—it was performed at Milwaukee and at Madison in 1913 and at Boston in 1916—and in the closet. Our concern now is with the story and the philosophy of Job, the long-suffering.

Mr. Kallen regards the piece as a dramatic treatment of an older legend. That prepares us for the prologue (in prose here) that relates "the orthodox preliminary version of the story." The action (in verse) begins with the arrival of the comforters, each of whom—Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar—has speeches between the choral passages (in a different meter) that separate the three rounds of speeches. Elihu is made the leader of the chorus; and his long speeches, coming at the end of the third round and not replied to by any of the principals, give him the messenger's function of announcing Jehovah, who speaks from the whirlwind in reply to Job's challenge which closes this round. During the epiphany Job replies twice to Jehovah. Then all except Job file off, the chorus chants the final lines off-stage, and the epilogue—again in prose and again Euripidean in its orthodox account of Job's later history—closes the drama. It is perhaps the conclusion of the old prose legend.

Now, it is Mr. Kallen's idea that the preservation of the poem in any form is probably due to its superficial orthodoxy. Satan is empowered to try Job to the utmost; Job endures everything, neither renouncing God nor confessing the sin he has not committed, asking only that God appear and endorse his "faith"; this God does in the conventional manner, afterward rewarding him and punishing his "enemies." Nothing could be more innocent, especially as the choruses are entirely orthodox. But inside this conventional frame, in true Euripidean fashion, there takes place an emotional and intellectual drama which carries Hebraic philosophical speculation to the summit of its daring. Thus disguised, the essential heterodoxy of Job's thinking somehow escaped the censorship of the priestcraft. Says Mr. Kallen:

The situation at the end of this agon [the third round] must have been, from the point of view of orthodox Jewry, intolerable. The mood of Job has changed in the course of the dialogue from unhappy complaint to heroic defiance. The argument has moved from the position that (1) God sends undeserved misfortunes on the righteous, through the demonstration that (2) he deals prosperity to the wicked, to the final position that (3) an omnipotent and unattainable God is of no use to the just man who suffers, and who demands that God shall justify himself. The friends have grown weaker as Job has grown stronger. From argument they have passed to iteration. The intellectual and emotional situation at the end is the reverse of the situation at the beginning.

At this point Elihu, as messenger, provides a recapitulation to tell the audience that the three champions of Jehovah have failed and prepares it for Jehovah's appearance on his own behalf. When the voice does come to answer Job's challenge, it is

to turn the tables on Job by challenging him to be as God if he would argue with God. Weak and ignorant as he is, what is he that God should be mindful of him?

Who hath first given unto me that I should repay him? Whatever is under the whole heaven is mine.

How, then, should God owe anything to Job? And Job replies, "Behold, I am of small account"; says he has spoken "without understanding," expecting more than his due because he has known God "only by hearsay"; now that he understands, he recalls his challenge and is comforted even "amid dust and ashes."

"The only consolation a brave man needs," said Phillips Brooks, "is explanation." Commenting on the orthodox solution of Job, Mr. William J. Hutchins writes in *The Religious Experience of Israel* (Association Press):

Observe—he has seen no explanation of his suffering; he has passed beyond the need of explanation; he has seen God.

This would be only another God of escape, like the one Sir Eliphaz craved and Mr. Huss rejected. Job has not, to be sure, received a direct explanation of his suffering; what he has received is an explanation of God's indifference alike to his suffering and to his conduct. His mind has been toughened to endure reality—the cosmic justice that plays no favorites. Finally, he has learned that he must measure his justification by his personal integrity rather than by his good or ill fortune. He now stands, in fact, in the relation of Dr. Barrack to the Process; but it should be noted to his credit that he has anticipated Dr. Barrack by the many centuries that are to develop modern science and pave the way for the latter's achievement.

Men fortified as Job and Barrack are can take a great deal of punishment from a universe that was not made for them, which may at any instant do away with them, in which they are their proper selves without assistance or reward from any god. It is impossible to feel the same confidence in Mr. Huss. His tenderer mind is suffering from some cosmic shell-shock and will never quite rid itself of its futile rebellion, of the hallucination that is its private god, and of the ultimate illusion of hope. Mr. Wells selected the wrong hero for his contemporary version of *The Book of Job*. Did he overlook Dr. Barrack's claims because, as "Seymour Deming" has remarked, those of us who cannot endure the ordeal of reality cannot even endure that others should endure it?

CLARENCE BRITTEN.

Deportation of Hindu Politicals

THE MODERN POLICY of all nations, especially the powerful and aggressive ones, toward national sovereignty, is to permit each nation to be its own judge as to whom it shall admit and whom exclude from the country. In accordance with this principle immigration laws exist, ostensibly to protect the rights of the natives of a country.

The immigration laws of the United States have become more and more restrictive with the growth of America as a world power. Section 3 of the Immigration Laws, (Act of February 5, 1917, with rules of May 1917), discusses in detail the cases of those excluded from the country. Whoever enters the country in violation of any of these clauses is liable to be arrested for deportation, with this condition:

Provided, that nothing in this act shall exclude, if otherwise admissible, persons convicted, or who admit the commission or who teach or advocate the commission of an offense purely political.

The above clause also occurs in the latter part of the same section and distinctly shows that the Immigration Laws recognize political offenses. Political offenders are also given special and distinct status by the above clause. (Political offenses, according to the recognized interpretation of that term, are those which are not directed against the person or the property of an individual for purely selfish motives). Thus it is evident that the framers of the law intended that no technical violation of any of the clauses of Section 3 should be construed to secure the deportation of any one whose offense is merely political; that is, those who have done no harm to property or person, or to the institutions of this country. This has been the custom of self-respecting states in their dealings with politicals. All the more so, when these deportations may end in the death of the political deportees.

It is a disgrace to America that at the present time six Hindus are facing charges for deportation to India, and that many more are in imminent danger of similar proceedings. These Hindus are charged with the violation of some of the statutes of war; but it is obvious to the unprejudiced that, in so far as they may have broken any law of this country, it has been unintentional and without malice. Their sole purpose was the emancipation of India from an autocratic foreign rule, namely, that of the British. Their offense is thus purely political, and violates American law only in a technical sense.

It is especially interesting to know how some of the clauses of Section 3 are being stretched and

misconstrued to secure the deportation of the Hindus. The charges against them are three: (1) conviction of a crime involving moral turpitude; (2) making false statements upon entering the country, and (3) becoming, or likely to become, a public charge.

The Hindus were charged with and convicted of violating the neutrality laws of this country by trying to ship arms and ammunition from the United States to India in their attempt to free their country from all alien domination. Can their offense be construed to be a crime involving moral turpitude? They were inspired by ideals of the highest order—devotion to the suffering, hungry millions of Hindustan. There is no doubt in the minds of those who know these active altruists that their sole motive was love for freedom. Their one purpose was to emancipate their native land. If this is moral turpitude, is there any action which is not? If this is not a political offense, is there any which is? If this is criminal, what is not criminal? What about Franklin and Adams? Were they criminals? Were they guilty of moral turpitude, too?

Judge Noyes of the Circuit Court has attempted an explicit answer. (U. S. ex. rel. Mylius v. Uhl. 203, Federal 152.) In this case the court held that a definition sufficiently accurate was this:

An act of baseness, vileness, or depravity in the private and social duties which a man owes to his fellow-man or to society. (Cit. 20. American and English Encyclopedia of Law.)

Adopting this we may say that a crime involves moral turpitude when its nature is such that it manifests upon the part of its perpetrator personal depravity or baseness.

The second charge, that of making false statements upon entering the country, is vague and cannot be verified. To bring it against men who have resided in this country for many years, as a technicality to deport them to their deaths, is contrary to common understanding, and departs from the fundamental idea of law and justice; to stretch technicalities so far is a gross abuse of law, as well as of the human intellect.

The last charge, that of becoming, or likely to become, a public charge, needs careful consideration. The following sections of the Immigration Laws deal with this question:

Rule 22, Subsection 4: Proof in cases of aliens who have become public charges: the application in such cases must be accompanied by a certificate of the official in

charge of the institution in which the alien is confined or other responsible public official if the alien is not confined, showing that the alien is being maintained at public expense. There should be submitted also whenever readily available, evidence tending to show that the causes of alien's being a public charge existed prior to entry.

Section 21: That any alien liable to be excluded because likely to become a public charge. . . if otherwise admissible, nevertheless be admitted at the discretion of the Secretary of Labor upon giving a proper and suitable bond or undertaking approved by the said Secretary . . . against such alien becoming a public charge.

These two paragraphs show clearly that in order to become a public charge an alien must be maintained by some public institution of a charitable nature; it is a question for debate whether prisons and jails are recognized as charitable institutions. And the very fact that aliens may be admitted on giving a certain bond points inevitably to the conclusion that economic reasons alone were intended to decide the status of becoming a public charge.

The Hindus held for deportation have never accepted a cent from any public institution of any kind, nor are they financially dependent upon any charitable organization. They are all able-bodied, young, and enthusiastic men, and are engaged in regular business. This charge is ridiculous. The Department of Labor, however, when asked how public charges could be applied to them, presented a hair-splitting argument to the effect that at the time of their entry they were "likely to come into conflict with our laws and to be convicted and incarcerated for such crime." Thus the administration of a democratic country defines public charge!

A jail is maintained by public revenues, and men forced to occupy them become dependent upon public revenues, and thus become public charges. Has there been any such interpretation of the spirit of the laws in any purely autocratic country, barring a few exceptions, such as India? This misreading of the law makes every person in America a potential public charge, and as such anyone can be arrested today on the assumption that tomorrow he may commit an offense and become dependent upon public revenues. Is it decent for the state to create a situation like this, and then blame its victim? If this were the intention of the framers of the laws, what is the use of such elaborate, detailed immigration laws with so many checks and counterchecks?

The question next arises, are men, forced into prison against their will and desire, public charges? Do they become charges upon public revenues? From a purely monetary viewpoint, do they not, by their forced labor, contribute more than they consume? The State exacts human labor from them, occasionally paying a few cents a day, more often paying nothing; the prisoners would be highly paid for the same labor outside of prison.

They are paying for the upkeep of their prisons; the State does not pay for them.

Why is the present administration so anxious to violate the sacred tradition of America—that of granting asylum to political refugees from oppressed and subject nationalities? Why is it the Hindus are chosen, and not the Koreans or the Irish? The reason is not far to seek; the Irish are politically strong; the Koreans are not British subjects. I have seen copies of a letter and of documents, now in the possession of the Friends of Freedom for India, at the offices of that organization at 7 East 15 Street, New York, from A. Carnegie Ross, British Consul General at San Francisco, which show the extent to which American officials are being influenced by foreign agents, and why America is becoming an accomplice of a foreign power in deliberately turning men over to their executioners. Ross expressed his willingness to *furnish sufficient evidence to deport the Hindus who work for the freedom of India, if what he had supplied proved insufficient.* To such a source the immigration authorities turn for material evidence.

These shameless un-American proceedings have brought in strong protests from Americans from all sections of the country. The President of the American Federation of Labor has asked Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson to take favorable action, and openly stated, at the Pan-American Conference of Labor, that American Labor will not stand for the deportation of aliens for purely political offenses. The A. F. of L. Convention at Atlantic City, the Chicago Federation of Labor, the California State Convention of the Sons of Irish Freedom, the Central Federated Council of San Francisco, the Central Federated Union of New York City, and various local and international organizations of labor affiliated with the A. F. of L. have all protested against the action of the Department of Labor. The Friends of Freedom for India, an American organization, came into being as a protest against these deportations, and as a champion of the Hindus who work for the independence of India. Even Mexico raised its voice. The Socialist Party of Mexico, in annual convention in Mexico City last week, protested to America against these actions as "flagrant violations of international law and morality," and then pointedly asked for the privilege of receiving these Hindu refugees into Mexico, in lieu of America's turning them over to a "relentless enemy."

But does the Department of Labor cease its efforts to deport the Hindus? Its answer has been to increase the bail of one of them—Bhagwan Singh—from \$3000 to \$10,000 and to close his case and

refuse him the ordinary right of presenting testimony in his own defense. It went further: it went into the Federal Penitentiary at McNeill Island, Washington, where Mr. Singh was confined, and there, weeks before his prison term expired, tried him for deportation. A Star Chamber proceeding within prison walls! And then, on July 14, after he had served his full prison term, he left prison with his arms manacled, to face a second and more terrible punishment for the "crime" of loving his country too well! This treatment will not be confined to him alone, however. Another Hindu,

Santokh Singh, finishes his prison term in September. He has already been arrested for deportation, and is held in \$3000 bail. This also will be increased if the Hindu workers furnish the amount already named. Taraknath Das, in Leavenworth, a naturalized American citizen, will come from prison in October, to face revocation of his citizenship in order that he, too, may be turned over to a government which he repudiated, whose theories and practices he renounced, and allegiance to which he refused, when he became an American citizen.

SAILENDRA NATH GHOSE.

Deportation and Political Policy

AT THE SPRING CONFERENCE on labor and business problems held by Governors and Mayors in the White House at Washington, Secretary Wilson of the Department of Labor appeared and read a telegram from the Central Federated Union of New York protesting against the deportation of aliens because of their reputed connection with labor strikes. Mr. Wilson summarized the attitude of the Government as follows:

No one is being deported because of his union affiliations and strike activities. It is the duty of the Secretary of Labor to deport all who advocate the overthrow of government by force, but no one will be deported because he is a radical.

Let us compare this assertion with the immigration inspector's record in the case of John Berg, one of the 50 or more aliens brought to Ellis Island on February 8 last for deportation:

After considering the testimony in this case, I find that John Berg is an alien, a subject of Denmark; that he entered the United States through the port of San Francisco, Cal., without inspection on or about May, 1901; that he has been found advocating or teaching the unlawful destruction of property subsequent to his entry into the United States *by reason of his connection with and the support he has given to the I. W. W. organization*, and I therefore respectfully recommend he be ordered deported to the country whence he came, and of the country of which he is a citizen or subject, in conformity with law. —Thomas M. Fisher, Immigration Inspector.

Apparently the sole reason for the proposed deportation of John Berg was that set forth in the italicized passage, since no other charge is made against him in the inspector's report, beyond the somewhat contemptuous assertion that Berg "is a typical member of the migratory herd of which the majority of this organization is composed." Berg was not charged with "advocating the overthrow of the government by force," and the only quotation from his utterances in regard to property is furnished by the inspector, who records Berg as saying in a typical workingman's inarticulate fashion:

I believe in property; I don't believe in destroying it; we are not teaching to destroy property; we are teaching to get the value of our work.

Again, there is the case of Henry W. Watts, arrested with several other aliens in the State of Washington and taken before Immigration Inspectors Fisher and Burford in the months of November and December, 1917. Mr. Fisher in recommending the deportation of Watts made the following written observations:

There is *no evidence* to support this charge as to *any individual act* of the alien. His *beliefs*, however, and the order of which he is a member and active worker are such as would make it *very probable* that he has been teaching and advocating anything and everything in the interest of himself and this order. He has been publishing a newspaper in Everett and has been a street speaker and active organizer for the People's Council. He was posted as to the laws of the United States and was undoubtedly prepared to defend himself on all charges contained in the warrant.

The passages deemed most worthy of attention here have also been italicized. That they indicate an official attitude entirely at variance with the traditions which the United States has ever held most dear is of course quite plain.

Again, in connection with Secretary Wilson's denial that any alien is being deported merely for strike activities, the following report written by Inspector Fisher and contained in the official records of the Bureau of Immigration is worthy of examination:

I have to report that yesterday Deputy U. S. Marshal Wainwright, while at Mount Vernon, Wash., learned that a strike had been called in one of the lumber companies by a number of I. W. W. members and that some of the said members had been taken into custody by the sheriff of Skagit County. Mr. Wainwright telephoned U. S. Attorney Allen, who in turn telephoned me, requesting that this service start a deportation action against the *alien ringleaders of the strike*.

At the same time the sheriff of Mount Vernon telephoned regarding Ben Hagmark, who he stated was an

alien and an I. W. W. agitator. I accordingly requested Deputy Marshal Wainwright to bring the man to this city for investigation. Upon the man's arrival he admitted his connection with the organization and his belief therein. Papers and documents found in his possession indicate that he was an organizer of the order.

The statements contained in these official records are not easily to be reconciled with the public pronouncements of Secretary Wilson. But hasty accusations against the Secretary should not be made on this account. It is only reasonable to suppose that if it be true, as the press has reported, that 6,000 other aliens have been "rounded up" within the last few months for eventual deportation, that the Secretary could not have possibly found the time to examine each case thoroughly before approving the warrants of deportation; and that without doubt he was forced to rely more or less on the reports of his agents in the field.

But this makes all the more plain the fact that our present system of deportation, set up under our loosely worded immigration laws, confers dangerous powers upon local inspectors—powers that can be easily abused in cases of personal grudge and individual prejudice, or in situations where the claims of capital and labor are involved.

In fact, it has apparently enabled immigration inspectors of the northwestern states, especially in centres where industrial unrest has been particularly marked, to conduct a species of crusade against members of the Industrial Workers of the World, which organization, whatever may be said or thought of it, has not yet been declared an outlawed order; and its members are, therefore, entitled to the same rights and privileges as those granted to other classes of inhabitants. Phrases such as "jobless hobo", "scum of the earth," "undesirable," and so forth, occur altogether too often in local inspectors' reports to make it certain that they have been acting purely as unbiased officers of the law.

One inspector, Henry M. Moler of Denver, Col., goes so far as to report on a case in the spirit of a prosecuting attorney. In the official records regarding August Lipman, one of the aliens brought to Ellis Island on the "Red Special," Inspector Moler comments as follows:

It is about time we got down to business and stamped out sedition, disloyalty, Socialism, and this anarchistic organization, the Industrial Workers of the World, who teach the confiscation and distribution of property. Every alien who is found to be a member of the I. W. W. should be deported, being unfit for citizenship in this country.

A further examination of the records in the hands of Immigration Commissioner General Caminetti makes it appear that not only are local inspectors permitted to act as prosecutors unrebuked, but also

to perform the functions of informer, investigator, trial judge, and stenographer. In certain cases it is also revealed that they have taken it upon themselves to offer parole to a prisoner upon condition that he refrain from further activities in a certain organization, though no such authorization exists under the terms of the law they are charged with enforcing.

The practices of the immigration authorities have occasionally drawn a protest even from the courts. In the case of the United States *ex rel.* Bosny v. Williams, Judge Holt made the following comment:

The person arrested does not necessarily know who instigated the prosecution. He is held in seclusion and is not permitted to consult counsel until he has been finally examined under oath. The whole proceeding is usually substantially in control of one of the inspectors, who acts in it as informer, arresting officer, inquisitor, and judge. The Secretary who issues the order of deportation is an administrative officer who sits hundreds of miles away and never sees or hears the person proceeded against or the witnesses.

In short, the enforcement of our immigration laws has given rise to a *lettre de cachet* system under which the victim may be whisked away from his place of employment or from his home, and placed in jail without previous warning; without being informed of the nature of the charge against him; and without being given an opportunity to arrange his affairs.

He may be held in a county jail virtually incommunicado anywhere from a year to fifteen months before an order for deportation is even issued against him. Some of the "Red Special" aliens, for example, were arrested in December 1917 and January 1918, and kept in prison until February 1919, when they were taken across the continent to Ellis Island, there again to be confined indefinitely until ships could be found to carry them away.

Nominally, aliens threatened with deportation have the right to employ legal counsel, but in practice the presence of a lawyer at a hearing is not always of help. There are cases on record in which the defending attorney has been given to understand that by appearing in labor cases he was incurring the possible loss of his regular practice and was bringing down upon his head the hostility of the employers of the community.

Nominally, too, the writ of habeas corpus is always available, but in practice officials may render it virtually useless. For example, Charles R. Recht, an attorney who has often appeared for aliens brought to Ellis Island under charges, tells a story of a case in which subordinate employees of the Immigration Bureau placed so many obstacles in the

way of a lawyer seeking to have a writ signed, that his representative was finally compelled to smuggle it to the detained prisoner in his socks.

The tendency of the spirit of small-souled bureaucracy to take possession of government employees has been often observed, but when the acts of such employees are subject only to the review of a departmental chief, situated perhaps more than a thousand miles away, the abuses possible under such an arrangement are of course without number.

Despite his protestations, Secretary Wilson's conscience could not have been easy, or he would not have permitted the release of fourteen of the "Red Special" prisoners after they had been confined on Ellis Island for several weeks. These fourteen men, all of whom are either members of or supporters of the Industrial Workers of the World, were released ostensibly on parole, but since they flatly refused to agree to such a parole, their release amounts to a clear recession on the part of immigration officials from their previously announced position.

What caused this change of front on the part of Secretary Wilson is not known, but doubtless the growing volume of protest set up by the labor unions, which saw in the deportation system a new and dangerous weapon made available for employers, had something to do with it.

That the Secretary has made no change in his general policy, however, is indicated by the fact that nine more persons, described as "undesirable aliens," were brought to Ellis Island for deportation almost at the same time that the fourteen were released. Two of these are the Misses Hoy, Scotch girls who came to Lawrence, Mass. a few years ago, became "infected" with I. W. W'ism there, and later moved to Seattle where they were arrested, when acting as union organizers. Secretary Wilson has laid himself open to trouble in this instance for the Scotch element in the labor unions of the East are already reminding him that he is of Scotch birth himself, came to this country as an immigrant lad, and in later years was arrested more than once in the course of his activities in the organization of the coal miners' union, of which he was one of the founders. An ironical touch is thus lent to the whole situation by the fact that if our present immigration laws had prevailed at that time and if the interpretation of them had been the same, the Secretary himself could have been deported as an undesirable alien.

But the question involved in these deportation cases is, after all, larger than that of prejudiced immigration inspectors and blindly-acting official machinery. To face it would require a revision in

our entire attitude toward our foreign-born class of manual workers.

What should determine their right to remain in the country and to improve their material condition without the threat of jail and deportation hanging over them? There are 13 millions of them in this country, according to Labor Department figures. They have patiently performed the exacting labors, the hard, disagreeable tasks, which our native-born workmen have shrunk from. They have laid our railroad tracks, mined our coal, forged our steel, woven our cloth, and packed our tin cans.

On what terms are they to be regarded as citizens with guaranteed rights? Are five years' residence and the ability to pay fees for certain papers to constitute the whole of the necessary qualifications? Is there not, in a very real sense, a citizenship of industry as well as of political areas? Should not years of toil and of wealth production entitle an alien to feel that he has a stake in the country—a stake from which he cannot be easily separated? Is he not entitled to feel that his person and home are safe from arbitrary acts that menace him with virtual exile?

A political citizen of the United States is guaranteed certain rights, among which are an inviolable home, the protection of his person and property, the right of habeas corpus proceedings when imprisoned, reasonable bail limits, and punishment, if inflicted, that shall not be cruel, unusual, or excessive. But under our immigration laws and especially under the amendment of October 1918, beginning with the fatally loose clause which permits the deportation of "aliens who are anarchists," an unnaturalized workman of foreign origin, no matter how long has been his service in industry, can be sure of none of these things.

Local immigration inspectors have been permitted to conduct themselves so as to convince the alien workman that if he is caught indulging himself in acts or opinions repellent to employers, he renders himself liable to sudden deportation to a land which he may not have seen since childhood and which in language and customs may be as strange to him as Kamchatka.

It must not be supposed that the term "exile" is too strong to be used in this connection. Even the court in the Federal case of *Redfern v. Halpert* felt called upon to remark:

It seems to me that no greater hardship could be occasioned than by deporting an alien who had come to this country at a tender age and lived here until after majority. Deportation in such cases is tantamount to exile.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL.

The Meaning of National Guilds

AMERICA IS STILL all but unaware of the meaning of national guilds. The more advanced English trade unions are discussing them and revising their demands accordingly. In Germany, says Mr. H. N. Brailsford after a recent visit, "the popular expedient is to attempt a compromise of the Soviet system, on something like the English Guild Socialist lines." What, then, are these national guilds, and why are they?

The essence of the idea is seen to be comparatively simple as soon as two central principles are held in view. The first is the principle of function; that is, the principle that organizations should be so constituted that they have a job to do and are adapted to its performance by having those involved in doing the job and affected by the consequences of its doing, as parties to its control. This means that jurisdiction must be coextensive with knowledge and competence in action; that fundamentally sufficient authority resides in any functional group to allow it adequately to perform its function; that instead of creating some abstract separation of powers (into legislative, executive, judicial), government should be based on a realistic analysis of the different functions to be performed.

The second principle is nominally familiar. It is the principle of self-government. Yet how, when, and where this idea can be applied in the industrial world has always been in debate. To the guildsmen, however, the application, in general outline at least, is simple. Self-government should exist where the simplest function is performed—in the factory and in each department of the factory. All who work in the factory are citizens of the industry—office as well as shop workers, managers as well as managed; the guild is essentially a production organization of all the workers, both of the head and of the hand, in the industry. Within the plant the problem of self-government is primarily to determine conditions and methods of work, to select those who shall do the less technical executive work and those who are to represent the shops in the local district body of the industry. In this district body the work of self-government is to secure proper uniformity in the several shops of the industry, discuss all problems that affect the whole local situation, and select delegates to the national industrial body. The national group or guild in each industry would be composed of these delegates from the entire industry; and in this case self-government involves the settling of all those problems which inevitably require settlement on a national scale in a world of

national industrial units. Concretely, the national body of each guild would presumably oversee the purchase of the raw material from the State or from some other guild; it would assemble data as to costs to give a basis for price determination; it would determine approximately uniform standards for the terms of employment of its members; it would hold and decide upon the disposition of the profits of the industry (profits in the sense of surplus left over after all agreed charges, including rentals to the State and the drawing-accounts of all workers, are met); it would study demand and help to allocate production, bearing in mind the quantity of products needed in the different markets of the world; it would carry on technical research and trade training.

But important as these functions are, it is clear that today the really incisive statesmanship is required in carrying forward coordination among the different industries. Which industries are to have priority in getting certain scarce materials and new credits? At what price are the guilds to sell to each other? To what point is standardization of parts, sizes, and styles to go? These are questions which concern all the industries. For their consideration the guildsmen advocate a Guild Congress—a national economic council which through its numerous standing committees would be the real organizing genius of the economic resources of each country. As to the interrelation of the economic life of the different nations, the guildsmen have had less to say; but the war experience with interallied economic agencies and the logical necessity for international commodity commissions and other world-wide functional groups will undoubtedly lead them to the formulation of more definite policies as to international industrial relationships.

Such is the structure of self-government in industry, conceived in terms of function, in terms of needs of consumers, in terms of the personal life of all who work. And by the further application of this idea, the organization of community life as a whole is conceived as embracing two major national bodies—a parliament occupied with economic and industrial affairs, and one concerned as now with the civic problems of health, education, recreation, protection, and whatever other matters grow out of the fact of geographic association. In a word, the guildsmen believe that our existing parliamentary system would function more effectively if it were not continually being confused by issues, interests, and overtures from wholly extraneous quarters.

Let Congress, they would say, continue to deliberate upon matters for which the fact of a representation of geographical areas fits them to deliberate. But let us have done with this confusion where legislatures also contend with "the railroad vote," "the packers' vote," "the steel interests," "the oil group," "the insurance clique," and so on. It is not so much that these special interests are corrupt as that they are misplaced and hence inefficient. The place for industrial interests to be voiced and decisions made is in a body representative of all industrial interests avowedly meeting together for purposes of democratic control and operation in the public interest.

This, briefly, is the national guild position on governmental structure. But it still leaves one vital function to be carefully examined. What of the work now done by the bankers—the assembling of capital resources, examination into the soundness of new ventures and extension of credits to them—the whole vital task of giving direction to the productive energies of a nation? The guildsmen appear to have no desire to minimize the reality of this service and the necessity for the function. Indeed they take the very temperate position that until the community finds some equally efficient way to conduct this function, we must continue to pay the bankers well for doing it. Only, the guildsmen feel that the task of conducting the credit system in the public interest is less formidable than it has been made to appear; indeed they find intentional concealments and obfuscation under the private control of credit. Hence they favor the assumption of this function by a body to be representative of all interests in the community. No task is more critical than this one of saying where capital is to be invested and for what purpose. The body or bodies in whose hands it resides is perhaps more nearly sovereign than we care to admit—except that even here we are in danger of thinking too largely in terms of a capitalist system of production. Once the direction of production is restored again to the actual head and hand workers in the respective industries, they *could* arrange for extensions and credits among themselves without resort to outside credits, and thus be in a position to keep any State credit agency properly alert to the rights and claims of all. In reality, of course, the actual workers in the key industries—in mining and land and sea transportation—will always hold the strategically powerful positions. The guildsmen have no disposition to deny or minimize this fact. But they do change somewhat the complexion of the problem by insisting that the guild state implies a new motive dominant in industry. Industry is to be a public

service conducted in close relation to known demands and needs. No one by virtue of ownership is to have the power to say what land or material resources shall be used, or the power to exact a perennial tribute for their use. The removal of private ownership of productive resources does not of itself, of course, guarantee development in the public interest. But it removes the most acute and financially expensive drag upon the economic organization; it removes the most egregiously self-seeking—because entrenched—private interest. It still remains to relate actual producers to actual consumers in a spirit of accommodation; to get head and hand workers to stress the many points at which their interests are in harmony.

Regarding the problem of individual motive for work and productiveness, the guild analysis is guilty of no over-generous assumptions about human nature. It of course denies the proposition that the central driving motive in industry has to be private profit. But it jumps to no communist proposal of equal pay or labor tickets or any other unusual device. It contends rather that the industries shall be reasonably autonomous as regards determination of the rewards to be paid for work; and that, with profit to all, an industry's superior efficiency in reducing costs might become a factor in this determination. In a word, there is to be no grandiloquent appeal to idealisms, but rather an intelligent utilization of motives of self-interest coupled with those of creative effort and public usefulness. This of course must always be so; it is one criterion of a sensible social order that it uses self-enhancing as well as more directly "social" impulses. The objection is so frequently urged against all plans of social reorganization that they presuppose a sentimental and self-effacing altruism, that the soundness of the guildsmen's point of view needs to be specifically noticed.

To answer adequately the second question of the "why" of national guilds, would require a lengthy excursion into present problems. But a statement of the significant influences at work to give attraction and validity to the idea will show an imposing array of causes. The idea of national guilds is in definite reaction against the bureaucratic connotations of State Socialism. It is in reaction to the "labor as a commodity" theory. It stands firmly on the principle of industry as a service to life, as one of the fields of human activity which must like all the others contribute to the enrichment of personality. It is, therefore, in reaction against monotony and lack of interest in machine work. It is interested in restoring real interest in work, fundamental efficiency in the whole economic

organization, and in a proper-balance of individual freedom and intelligent discipline. The guild movement is consequently critical of too much stress on craft unionism and is equally at variance with the "one big union" idea. However, it aims immediately to educate and strengthen all organizations of the workers in order to utilize them more and more as the embryos out of which guilds of head and hand workers in each industry can eventually develop.

Taking such a definite and carefully reasoned position as to the desirable next steps, the guildsmen are naturally cautious in their approval of the numerous reconstruction programs. In *The Meaning of National Guilds*, a new work by Maurice B. Reckitt and C. E. Bechhofer (Macmillan), perhaps the most interesting chapter is the one on *The Mirage of Reconstruction*. It must be read if one is to get the full detail of the argument. But it all depends, says the conclusion, "upon the spirit in which such experiments are made. Encroaching control by trade unionism is one thing; capitalist devolution by employers quite another." This chapter is superior to the others principally be-

cause it embodies the authors' own opinions. For the rest of the book is an exposition of the idea of Orage, Hobson, and Cole and while it adds nothing to their earlier work it enables the reader rapidly to see the different elements in the guild philosophy and program.

I have said that guild ideas are all but unknown in this country. This is only true in a sense. It is more accurate to say that the name of the idea is less familiar than its essence. Already the industrial unionists, the railroad brotherhoods, and some other scattered groups are advocating national industrial organizations in which head and hand workers join to manage and operate. The movement is not in its present stage so much a reasoned one as an almost spontaneous reaction to conditions. The book here under consideration deserves wide publicity, therefore, to give practical body and vital content to ideas already at work. It cannot be denied, however, that the supremely effective source book in this field is still Mr. G. D. H. Cole's admirable *Self-Government in Industry*.

ORDWAY TEAD.

Mr. Ransome's Facts and Mr. Russell's Fancies

RUSSIA IS SOMETHING MORE than the acid test of diplomacy: it is the acid test of intelligence. By that token a good many American minds, woven in the doctrinaire Socialist pattern, have proved themselves shoddy. Their progressive surface finish no longer conceals the fact that the fabric itself is essentially the same stuff out of which National Security Leaguers and America First demonstrators are made. Must one point this generality with names and specifications? Mr. Charles Edward Russell's latest arraignment of Soviet Russia comes conveniently to hand. (*Bolshevism and the United States*; Bobbs-Merrill.)

The chief value of Mr. Russell's commentary lies not in what it says about Bolshevism but in what it reveals about the United States—and more particularly about the mental acumen of certain Socialists in the United States who sacrificed their creed to their country. For many years Mr. Russell, like Mr. W. E. Walling and Mr. John Spargo, had pamphleteered for Socialism, and had mastered the trick of appraising every political phenomenon in terms of certain Socialist phrases and formulae. The work was able of its kind, but the chief requirement for success was verbal facility rather than fertile political thought. So long as the present order of society should obtain, so long were Mr. Russell's

formulae adequate to its criticism and its condemnation.

Fortunately the world is not so static as Mr. Russell's mentality. At long last, in a distant land, the dry bones of Socialist doctrine began to knit themselves, as in the prophet's vision, into the articulate forms of living beings. Land was communized; credit lifted out of private hands; industries put into the trusteeship of the state for the use of the workers. Mr. Russell had not imaginatively considered that these things could ever come to pass in his generation: they were to be brought about gradually, decorously, with large rhetorical accompaniments and a minimum of direct action. Still less did Mr. Russell ever think that once Socialism began to live it would evolve autonomously a scheme of its own, quite independent of the static prospectuses that he had privately manufactured. Confronted by a living organism instead of a logical pattern, Mr. Russell sought to conceal his inability to dissect the first by creating a new abstraction and endowing it with the qualities of a dramatic myth.

The result is *Bolshevism and the United States*. Its protagonist is Nicolai Lenin. The myth itself the author calls *The Great Idea*—the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. Nominally a staid essay in political criticism, the work is really a melodrama, the sort

of imbecile melodrama which Mr. Russell became qualified to write under the tutelage of Mr. Hearst, and which he seems to have perfected by a course of training under Mr. Thomas Dixon, master of the luridly banal. As in most melodramas, the villain is the only honest and admirable character in the whole play—consistently more honest and admirable than an author who cannot mention the name of Lenin without whispering under his breath, "Born Ulianov, you know!" (Just as a person might attempt to corroborate the story of Mark Twain's being a plagiarist by referring perpetually to the fact that he was christened Clemens.) There is naturally a good deal of bloodshed in the story, for which the villain is responsible—in fact, according to Mr. Russell, there is nothing but ignorance, incompetence, cruelty, and bloodshed—and in the end the villain's plans are defeated and his purposes are foiled by the rising tide of democracy.

What Mr. Russell's facts and convictions about Russia are worth we shall shortly be able to verify. The appalling thing, however, is not the author's ignorance of Russia, in which respect most of us are at sea in the same boat, but his ignorance of America. He has the fatal habit of encrusting his mind with platitudes to obliterate the vision of realities. Thus: "Democracy is the foundation of American life." Industrially, Mr. Russell? "We have lately concluded an appallingly expensive war to prevent the spread of autocracy." Have we succeeded, Mr. Russell? "Bolshevism favors violence, which we abhor, and war, whereas we are in the mass committed to peace." In the mass, perhaps, Mr. Russell, but governmentally what are we actively committed to? "It recognizes class and class government, whereas we have argued that in a republic classes have no place." Argued, indeed, Mr. Russell, but have we done away with them? The ideal America that Mr. Russell holds up against Soviet Russia is beyond challenge magnificent—except in comparison with an equally ideal and non-existent Soviet Russia. But the actual America of Security Leagues, espionage organizations, race riots, and compulsive militarism is not much more profitable to contemplate, for the sake of political inspiration, than Russia itself after the attempted assassination of Lenin. In order to compare two countries you must make sure that your examples are on the same plane of reality.

Let us now correct Mr. Russell's mental distortions. Arthur Ransome's book, *Russia in 1919* (Huebsch) comes like a breath of cool night air at the end of a tedious performance in the stuffy auditorium of a garish provincial theater. Mr. Russell is a political journalist who writes fairy stories about Russia: Mr. Ransome is a teller of fairy stories

who writes with lucid distinction about affairs which are usually within the province of the political journalist. Mr. Ransome revisited Russia for the purpose of rectifying the "tragedy that no Englishman properly equipped was in Russia studying the gigantic experiment which, as a country, we are allowing to pass abused but not examined." He had no political theory either to confirm or to abolish. He was a reporter and not a propagandist defending a vested interest in formulae. All the more convincing, therefore, is the fact his impressions in February and March confirm those of the *New York Globe's* correspondent a couple of months later. Mr. Ransome had in addition the advantage of an earlier background for contrast. He had known the fears, hopes, terrors, and anxieties of the November overthrow, with its widespread political turmoil. But in the Russia he discovered in 1919 the fierceness of political contention had abated. The authority of the Soviets and their Commissars had been established. The problems they were called upon to deal with were not those growing out of political factionalism and discontent but those which were due to economic disorganization and the necessity for waging war against an encirclement of hostile armies. In the face of the threatening counter revolutions of Kolchak and Denikin the civil war between parties had all but disappeared. The powers of the Revolutionary Tribunal were being voluntarily curbed. At the same time the war against nature had become more bitter. Famine and frost punctuate Mr. Ransome's descriptions like the menacing boom of distant cannon.

Industrially Mr. Ransome found Russia at lowest ebb. But the cause of this is not, as Mr. Russell glibly assumes, a lack of technical competence on the part of Soviet officials. The roots of the difficulty are deeper. The Soviets fell heir to a State that had ceased to be a going concern long before the revolution permitted an accurate inventory of its antiquated plant and equipment. Now Mr. Veblen has taught us to see how completely the state of the arts is dependent upon a non-material joint stock of knowledges and aptitudes. This stock was badly depleted by the weeding out of skilled workers in the slaughter-pen of war, and the Allied blockade kept it, like the physical equipment, from being renewed from the outside; with the result, Mr. Ransome tells us, that the Soviet Commissaries have found it necessary to train the more promising workmen for technical positions as they go along. This alone would make the necessary restoration difficult; but the food situation has made it almost impossible. The Russian worker is too weakened by hunger to work a full day, whilst the cold of the long winter

makes application to studious tasks futile except for short periods of uneven effort. Hence Chicherin's desperate offer of peace; hence the pledge of timber and mineral concessions in payment for Russia's debts; hence Lenin's willingness to let foreign states "build a Chinese wall round each of their countries" to ward off invasion by propaganda. But above all things the Soviet Commissars seek peace and agreement with the Allies. Have their offers and pledges been rejected because the Allied Governments fear, under conditions in the slightest degree favorable, Soviet Russia's success? Viewing Russia through Mr. Ransome's eyes it is impossible not to get an impression of "that extraordinary vitality which obstinately persists in Moscow even in these dark days of discomfort, disillusion, pestilence, starvation, and unwanted war." In its worst crisis it seems to have more buoyancy than the Allied capitals in their securest triumphs.

In addition to the vitality of the communist program and the Soviet mechanism, in the face of huge dislocations and dilapidations, one gets a sense of the tremendous economic potentialities which the present regime has barely been permitted to fathom. The Council of Public Economy has deliberately fostered scientific research. A match without wood or paraffin was one of its earliest products. The Committee on State Constructions widened the canal from the Volga to the Baltic, a feat that the Czar's government had dismissed as impracticable. Plans have been drawn up to get away from the dependence upon coal, characteristic of paleotechnic industry, and link the chief industrial centers with electric power plants situated on the swifter rivers, in accordance with the labor-saving, energy-conserving neotechnic practice. In the textile industry all the big factories have been nationalized, and unity of control has done away with the wastes of plant duplication, cross-transportation, and competitive differentiation of weaves and stuffs. Mr. Ransome asked about the fate of the old textile manufacturers, and was told that, though many had gone abroad, many were working in the nationalized factories.

The engineering staff, which mostly struck work at the beginning of the Revolution, had almost without exception returned, the younger engineers in particular realizing the new possibilities opening before the industry, the continual need of new improvements, and the immediate welcome given to originality of any kind. Apart from the question of food, which was bad for everybody, the social standard of the workers had risen. Thus one of their immediate difficulties was the provision of proper houses. The capitalists and manufacturers kept the workers in barracks. "Nowadays the men want better dwellings, and we mean to give them better. Some have moved into the old houses of the owners and manufacturers, but of course there are not enough of these to go round, and we have extensive plans in the way of building villages and garden cities for the workmen."

In other words, if we may use a political cliché, the Russian Revolution has passed out of its destructive phase. From the economist's point of view, the constructive process is that which will effect the real revolution, and what has led up to it is merely a preliminary clearance of the field. It is notorious (to use a metaphor from electricity) that the economic and political systems have never been in phase. The misfortune of the Soviet Revolution was that it brought into existence, somewhat hastily, a twentieth century political instrument in the face of economic conditions which were gradually sliding back into a proto-industrial stage. Should the present impendance be overcome sufficiently to give both economics and politics the same time values, one gathers from Mr. Ransome's brief insights into the working of the system that the output of the Soviet State, in energies and materials, will be higher than that of any contemporary civilization, and the total result in happiness, once military compulsions are removed, will at least be equal to that enjoyed by favored minorities under capitalism today.

Alone for his glimpses of the social by-products of the Revolution Mr. Ransome's volume would be of incomparable worth. The individual preparation of food in the common kitchen of the National Hotel at Moscow; the election of the ex-capitalist as the president of his factory, and the difficulty he had in keeping his old hands from calling him master; the effect of drama offered to an audience compelled to endure the torment of cold while it was enacted—these glimpses are precious. Mr. Ransome saw one of Chekhov's dramas of futility, *Uncle Vanya*. He muses:

A gulf seemed to have been passed; the life it represented had gone forever. People in Russia no longer have time for private lives of such a character. Such people no longer exist; some of them have been swept into the floodtide of revolution and are working as they never hoped to have the chance to work; others, less generous, have been broken and thrown aside. The revolution has been hard on some, and has given new life to others. It has swept away that old life so absolutely that, come what may, it will be a hundred years at least before anywhere in Russia people will be able to be unhappy in that particular way again. . . . Was this the old life? I thought, as I stepped out into the snow. If so, then thank God it has gone!

If those are the sentiments of an honest and sensitive man, in the midst of horrible deprivation, what would even a traveling salesman say once food were plenty again, and houses warm? Would not Messrs Russell and Spargo themselves be compelled to readjust their values in the presence of such a vital demonstration?

LEWIS MUMFORD.

A Jazz Critic

IN THE LITERARY WORLD there are three familiar types of criticism. There is first the type which is represented in English scarcely at all (Poe being the one possible exception), and of which the finest specimens are the Frenchmen, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, and Remy de Gourmont. These men, and their like, devoted themselves with careful study and feline skill to the task of making accurate portraits of their heroes and victims. One reads them now for the reason that they assimilated so thoroughly the books they studied as not to appear to have studied them; rather almost to have written them themselves, or at least to have been present at their writing. In a confidential mood they unburden themselves of their secrets; they give us insight into their own personalities, as well as into the personality of whatever author they happen to be discussing: they re-create literature. This type of criticism is always worth reading.

Another type is familiar in England, and is usually readable once if no more. The difficulty with it is that it is vague and shallow. The makers of such criticism are, usually men of slender personality like Pater, who need the support of great art to show off their skill, or coiners of brilliant detached phrases and judgments, like Coleridge and Matthew Arnold. The more one reads this type of criticism, the more one admires the modesty and easy felicity of Charles Lamb.

The third type of criticism is the German. Anyone who is familiar with the intellectual productions of Germany before the war, is aware that nowhere did the unfortunate megalomania of that country display itself more clearly than in the field of literary criticism. For the last thirty years, German criticism has been heavy, inflated, pompous, and absurd. The German critic immediately assumed the pontifical robes, and led the unwilling reader through serried hosts of books under review, with all the aits and graces of a Hohenzollern prince. His aim was always to prove the superiority of German kultur.

This method is becoming popular in America, and the most recent and brilliant example of it is Mr. Untermeyer's book on American poetry. (The New Era in American Poetry; Holt.) Needless to say, the thesis which this volume attempts to support, is that America is just beginning to express her own individuality—her "genuine Americanism" in short—in her poetry. This theme Mr. Untermeyer conveniently borrows from Whitman, who seems to serve the new generation of American poets much as Blake serves those of England, as "a good

man to take something from." To support Whitman's thesis, Mr. Untermeyer has read all the American poetry written, from J. Gordon Coogler to Arensburg, from Harriet Monroe to Mina Loy, from Lindsay to Wallace Stevens. All, he declares, wear—under their apparent diversity—the uniform of genuine Americanism; all but a few who are strangely omitted, like Edwin Ford Piper, Donald Evans, Robert Carlton Brown; and a few others, notorious deserters or despicable sharpshooters like Aiken and Pound.

To refute Mr. Untermeyer, then, it is necessary to refute Walt Whitman's thesis of a continent-full of democratic bards to follow in his wake. Fortunately, this is easy. Whitman's work provides its own refutation. When Whitman wrote *Crossing Brooklyn Ferry*, or *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*, or *Song of the Open Road* or *Song of Myself*, or any one of his finest pieces, he was an American poet for the reason that he was most completely free from the accidents of time, space, and social theory. *Crossing Brooklyn Ferry*, for instance, might almost be called *Crossing London Bridge*; and so with all the rest. But when Whitman told the Muse to migrate from Greece and Ionia, and cast glances of contempt at the obsolete feudalism of Europe, he was either longing for an inspiration which the American surroundings of his day could not furnish, or trying to placate the vulgar Philistinism of his time by exalting its opinion into a creed. When Whitman came to be an old man, he vaguely grasped the fact that Europe had granted him the recognition which America had withheld. He did not understand what this truly implies, namely, that every true poet must necessarily become the spokesman for his country in other lands. Shakespeare, for example, expresses more completely the spirit of England than all the power of England's trade, or the weight of England's armies; yet in none of Shakespeare's greater plays is the scenery, or the characters, exclusively English. Whitman's thesis falls to the ground for the reason that all great art is outside the bounds of political, as it is within the bounds of spiritual nationality.

So much for Whitman's argument. As for the manner in which Mr. Untermeyer has chosen to support it, that can be glanced at more briefly. Let us take, for example, two chapters devoted to those whom he considers leaders of the new movement: Mr. James Oppenheim and Miss Amy Lowell.

Mr. Oppenheim, we are told, expresses the Semitic strain in American poetry. His conception of poetry is that of the Jews: poetry is a message, and

art is merely the instrument to make it heard. He is a teacher, a preacher, a prophet, and his work is compared to the Psalms, to Jeremiah, to the Song of Songs, to the Book of Job. And yet Mr. Untermeyer assures us that Mr. Oppenheim's poetry is American. Let us turn back to the preface, and note the following remark: "Until recently our paintings had filled endless galleries with placid arrangements of Greek nudes, Italian skies, and French theories." If it be bad for America to follow a French theory in painting, why is it not bad to follow a Semitic theory in poetry? Surely one is bad as the other, and Mr. Oppenheim's poetry, far from being the imposing native structure which Mr. Untermeyer says it is, is merely academic balderdash. Further along we are offered this characteristic sample of it:

Who buried Atlantis
And devoured Egypt?
Into what jaws has Athens gone?
Galley slave and Agamemnon, the great king, are
shoveled under,
And the girl who combed the hair of Helen is dust with
her golden mistress....
Cities of great pride, with their multitudes,
Have gone down,
And spring that called out the boy Dante into the streets
of Florence,
Silent when Beatrice walked,
Opens wild roses in the ruins over the dead....
The snows where Saga heroes fought
Melted with those warriors,
And the desert girls of Arabia are only an echo in our
brains.
The same great war; the same great urge; the same
birth and death....
Are kisses sweeter than in Carthage,
Is failure more bitter than on the hill of Gethsemane,
Has death lost its sting since Rachel?

It is noteworthy that in all this long, verbose catalogue of names Mr. Oppenheim does not mention a single one that might in any way identify his work or interests with America. Had he written Montezuma instead of Agamemnon, or the Aztecs instead of Egypt, we would at least have known that he was aware of America's early existence. But neither in these lines, nor in all the three hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Untermeyer's book, is there one word about the American Indian, or about American Indian Poetry. A strange omission.

Turn to the chapter on Miss Lowell. Here Mr. Untermeyer exalts his subject's range, her diversity, her temerity in experiment. We are told that she is capable of writing in every form from strict metrical stanzas to "futuristic" verslibres, from verslibres to polyphonic prose, from polyphonic prose to an interspersing of verslibres and polyphonic—a style which Mr. Untermeyer does not dignify with a title, but which should perhaps be called "polyversphonlibristic". Not a word here about the mis-

sion of the poet as a social reformer, of which we hear so much in the chapters on Oppenheim, Giovanni, Wood, and even Vachel Lindsay. On the contrary, we are told quietly that Miss Lowell is content to be the poet, rather than the prophet. Not a word here about the possible influence of Miss Lowell's New England ancestry upon the spirit of revolt latent in her poetry; though Robert Frost who is far less characteristic of New England in his personality than Miss Lowell, is highly praised for having absorbed New England in his poetry. Therefore, Robert Frost is an American poet because he writes of New England; Miss Lowell is one also because she gives us scientific experiments in form. Mr. Oppenheim is one also because he holds the Jewish attitude toward art. There is but one thing which can be said about such a method of criticism. Mr. Untermeyer has omitted to mention Sir William Watson as an American poet, despite his sonnet on President Wilson; he ignores Swinburne as an American poet, despite that poet's attitude to Walt Whitman. If Mr. Untermeyer's errors of judgment are thus apparent at the outset of his enterprise, what can be said on the matter of his minor points, his detail, his style? Nothing—or rather, everything. In such a welter of absurdities one does not know where to begin. Let us note, for instance, the space Mr. Untermeyer gives to certain poets. Conrad Aiken, for instance, is relegated to the minors, and is given seven and a half pages of grudging admission and unmeasured denunciation, including a severe examination of his early verses—a proceeding Mr. Untermeyer wisely omits in the case of Frost. And at the same time, Mr. Untermeyer gives fifteen pages to an apology for John Hall Wheelock, in which that author's later sins are forgiven for the sake of two or three of his early poems. Or take another point, Mr. Untermeyer's total lack of any sense of humor. For instance, he solemnly discusses both Mr. Witter Bynner and Mr. Bynner's alter ego, "Emmanuel Morgan," the leader of the Spectrists, without making the one remark that anyone would expect him to make in the circumstances: that Mr. "Morgan" was both amusing and readable, whereas Mr. Bynner is not.

As for the English in which this book is written, it is indescribable. Mr. Untermeyer is not content with the vocabulary of Shakespeare and the structure of Addison. He introduces new instruments into the orchestra, and combines them in a new way. But after all, this new art is fairly familiar to our ears. We can hear its counterpart already in the performances of any Jazz band.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

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THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

The Old Order and the New

IN EUROPE THE EMBRYO LEAGUE OF NATIONS threatens with starvation and tempts with food the revolutionists who will not obey its mandates. In Washington Mr. Wilson makes the acceptance of the League a condition precedent to the lowering of the cost of living. He promises to do a number of things to solve the food problem, but assures the people that even though he exerts himself to the utmost the situation can not be relieved until the Covenant is signed and the direction of the world is formally handed over to the corporation formed at Paris. It is disheartening but true that there are still people in the United States who take Mr. Wilson at his word. We might remind the credulous that the promise about the packers has been made by other presidents whose reputation for obligations fulfilled was at least as good as Mr. Wilson's. But up to date every attempt at reform has left the packers and the other trustees of the commonwealth as well placed as ever for continuing their work of plunder. We would like to submit further that Mr. Wilson's failure to carry on business in the open with the diplomats of Europe gives small promise that he will deal openly and successfully with Mr. Armour, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Schwab and Mr. Rockefeller. As for hoarding: if there ever was a time in our history when hoarding should have been prevented it was while the world war was in progress. It was not prevented then and it will not be prevented now. A feint in this direction will doubtless be made, but it is inconceivable that either the President, Congress, the state legislatures, or the courts will support the radical and necessary remedy of confiscation and public sale. That would be going the Bolsheviks and our own I.W.W.'s one better, and making functionaries of the state liable to imprisonment or deportation. Surely there is no one who, out of respect for the President's "lofty principle," will take seriously his program for the handling of the living-cost issue. Some few may even recognize that the cost of living is very likely to fall of itself before long. If the phenomenal decline in the rate of foreign exchange serves to check exports and thereby to increase domestic supply and to lower prices, Mr. Wilson will be in a position to reap the credit. It will not matter that by the sabotage of production and the control of distribution the manufacturers and dealers will be able in a short time to restore prices to the level most profitable to them. For the public the obvious fact will be that Mr. Wilson presented the country with a program—and ipso facto prices fell.

THE WADSWORTH BILL, THE EXTREME STEP taken by our liberal administration, should disillusion liberals everywhere. Drawn by the General Staff, at the dictation of an alleged "pacifist" secretary of war, the bill is a complete betrayal of liberalism at a moment when scarcely another important Government in the world dares take up the issue of conscription. Its real objective is not military training but a military establishment. This it approaches deviously, seductively, behind the relatively innocent-looking wedge of a three-months' training period for youths of nineteen. Although the newspaper reports are inadequate to disclose the precise interrelation of the details of this proposal, nobody who has had any army experience can be deceived into thinking that three months of training will accomplish more than the initiation and enrollment of recruits. Either the two-year reserve clause means a two-year liability to training in case war should arise, or else the General Staff contemplates sending green boys into action as first replacements for regulars. Even Secretary Baker claims for so short a period little more than that it will "secure a careful stock-taking" of the physical condition of our youth and that it is not too brief to instill "habits of orderliness, coordination, and self-care"—that is, such habits as saluting, performing the manual of arms, and rolling blankets. The physical effect of such drill is almost negligible. In short, the three-months clause is sugar on the pill offered to hostile public opinion. The proposal as a whole is unjust in that, besides establishing inequality between the new conscripts and the regulars they must serve with, it allows them no pay above maintenance and five dollars monthly "for incidentals," seems to prefer postponement of training to providing for their dependents, and carries no recognition of conscientious scruples. That it is "stripped of all vocational or other educational features" clinches the fact of its militaristic intentions. The bill even subsidizes the exemption and appeal boards with a provision for ten dollars pay daily, so that we may enjoy the European blessing of a professional sub-army of procurers. And finally, by way of imperialist overtone, it extends its benefits to Hawaiians and Porto Ricans!

The military establishment that is the real objective of the Wadsworth Bill would multiply our old standing army by five, and give us a peace footing of 510,000 enlisted men, a war nucleus of 1,250,000 men for quick mobilization (of whom at least half would have had only three months'

training), a two-year reserve class of 1,200,000 more, and after that our full man-power resources under the Selective Service Act, which the bill would establish in immediate force whenever we should declare war. Two and a half million "soldiers" subject to call before we need invoke the draft—an imperial picture! In peace times, according to the Chief of Staff, this would cost us some \$900,000,000 annually. Lest that sum stagger us a little in view of our war debts, our other taxes, and our present weather eye upon the high cost of living, he added that only \$94,066,500 of it would be demanded by the three-months' training course itself, which could be purchased at \$144.75 per capita, the balance going into the peacetime upkeep of the standing army. But observe, whither you are led by the simple little proposal to give an annual three-months outing to nineteen-year-old boys!

THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT THE MILITARY Intelligence Service would be maintained for the duration of the peace preceded by a few weeks the plea for an expanded military establishment. It is by the terms of these definite announcements of policy that the vague promise of disarmament contained in the Covenant must be gauged. Political exploitation and military mastery proceed hand in hand under the League: that institution is to bring not peace but a sword. Jointly the armies of the League will be used against the disaffected populations of "backward," communist states; separately they will be used against the enemy at home—that is, the underlying population. The Prussic State was weak in verbal idealism. It made the supreme sacrifice in order that its spirit, wrapped in the heavy armor of pious aspiration, might conquer the governments of the world.

WITH WILSON PLAYING AN AMIABLE ALEXander I to Clemenceau's Metternich, the first act of the drama of counter-revolution has ended in a brilliant triumph for the Holy Alliance. The history of the pacification of Hungary, now accomplished, is neither very long nor very difficult to understand; and it illustrates very admirably the manner in which bread and bullets may influence the self-determination of a free people. In a speech delivered in Paris towards the end of July, Herbert C. Hoover, Food Dictator for the Allies, remarked that officials of the Relief Commission were maintaining and managing some eighteen separate governments—eighteen well nourished centers of anti-Bolshevism. A few days later (July 26), the Allies offered to give Hungary a place in Mr. Hoover's bread line on condition that the Soviet government be overthrown. Unfortunately the attention of the communist officials was centered for the time being upon military operations against the most honest of their enemies—the Roumanians. Meanwhile Cap-

tain Gregory, an American now functioning as chief Allied bread baiter for central Europe, dangled before Budapest a most generous offer of food—to be had at a price. The combined attack of Roumanian arms and Allied intrigue was too much for Bela Kun; on August 31 his government was overthrown. The Associated Press dispatch that announced the debacle at Budapest proudly pointed out that Captain Gregory should be "credited with a large share in the hastening of Bela Kun's retirement." In the face of a feeble and obviously insincere protest from the Supreme Council at Paris, the Roumanian army now overran Hungary, occupied the capital, and created conditions that made easy the strangulation of the new bourgeois-Socialist government, the return of the emigres, and the complete working out of the counter-revolution. With the Supreme Council still uttering stage thunders against Roumania, Archduke Joseph, "the most popular member of the Hapsburg family," dumped the ad interim cabinet into the discard and became Regent of Hungary. The sincerity of the Allied promises to the first anti-communist government may be judged from the fact that on the day of the Hapsburg coup d'etat the members of Entente mission conferred with the Archduke, reached "a full agreement" with him on various matters, and ended by delegating governmental authority to this new Dictator.

THE NATURE OF AMERICAN ACTIVITIES IN Hungary is easily understood when published facts are once gathered together. Information relative to counter-revolutionary operations in Finland and Russia is not so easily obtainable; an interview published in the Suomen Sosialidemokraatti, a Finnish newspaper, may therefore be regarded as "a piece of preciousness." The speakers are, first, a Finnish newspaper reporter; second, Magnus Swenson, sometime of Madison, Wisconsin, more recently Inter-Allied Food Dictator for Scandinavia and Finland. To quote:

"Is it true," I [the reporter] asked, "that our getting foodstuffs depends to some extent on the political system of our country?"

"Yes. You know, of course, the wish of America that your country should have a democratic system and that the composition of the government should answer the party divisions in the newly elected Diet. I know that conditions here are not quite satisfactory as yet, but I am sure that everything will be all right very soon. I feel sure that the people of Finland under all circumstances are able to take care of themselves. But we have another danger before us. America and the Entente powers regard the Bolsheviki of Russia as enemies of mankind. The position of your country would become very difficult, and your relations to the Entente countries would perhaps become impossible, if the Bolsheviki should get into power here."

"Do you believe that Finland would be permitted even formally to make peace with the Russian Soviet Republic?"

"I am no politician and I cannot give you any definite answer about that. Nevertheless, I believe, that the Entente powers would not approve of such a peace at this time. In regard to the food problem, which is the only question within my jurisdiction, I believe it would not be

as easy to arrange for food relief in case you would start negotiations with the present Russian Government."

I understand that this a very delicate point. . . . The problem is by no means of a purely humanitarian character—the delivery of the Finnish people from starvation. Rather the object is to make Finland's policies completely dependent on the policy of the western imperialists, and to compel the Finnish people to remain in a state of war with the Russian Soviet Republic.

IF ANY STIMULUS WAS NEEDED TO STIFFEN THE Bolshevik resistance to the attacks of the Allied imperialist combine, the new developments in Hungary have supplied this stimulus. Seen for what it is, the Betrayal of Budapest will bring to the Russian people, and to the enemies of imperialism everywhere, not the valor of desperation but courage confident of victory. At Budapest the Allies showed their hand. What they would do only too gladly by force alone, they are now compelled to do in part by trickery. Diplomacy and dollars still move at the command of governments that can no longer trust their troops. The armies of Western Europe and America are being called home by the will of the people; but the work of counter-revolution is being carried on, not now with the people's manhood, but still with the people's money. Has the time not come then to put to the people of America a simple question: "You have bought the bonds of your government; you have pledged generous aid to starving humanity in Europe; but do you want your money used to finance a food relief scheme that is doing the revolting work you will not let your army do?"

THE PRESS HAILS WITH JOY THE FAILURE OF THE proletariat in Europe to get action on Russia and to get it by the direct method. If the facts in the situation were followed with a desire to unearth the truth it is possible that a fair conclusion would be that the direct action policy of the workers has already accomplished as much to prevent the extension of intervention in Russian affairs as diplomacy in Paris has accomplished in the defeat of Soviet government. A final decision has not been reached in England as to whether the workers will or will not strike against the government's Russian policy. The matter is to be referred to a trade union congress. On July 31 it was reported from London that the Government was to proceed immediately with the withdrawal of the British forces from North Russia. Several days earlier Mr. Asquith had been moved to say:

I regard with bewilderment and apprehension the part this country is playing in Russia. The country wants a clearer definition than it has yet been given of what are our commitments, definite and prospective. I surely hope that the attempt to commit us further in Russia will be successfully resisted. The future government of Russia is a matter to be settled by the Russian people and no one else. The economic condition of the world and of our country was never more menacing.

We hope that the trade unionists in casting their vote will accept these remarks of Mr. Asquith as a challenge to them to block the policy of the Coalition Government, announced by Mr. Chamberlain, "to continue economic aid and a powerful contribution of munitions to Denikin." What these British workers will still do in regard to Russia is an open question. But what the Italian workers have accomplished in forcing action upon their government is a matter of history. All that was needed there to bring the government to terms was the adoption of a resolution to strike. We take this opportunity to reprint the resolution of the Italian seamen, as it has received scant notice. It is one of the most striking proofs we have that there is in Europe a labor group with international sympathies. It runs:

All the crews of Italian steamers are disposed to go to prison or be sent to the bottom of the harbor with their steamers rather than allow themselves to contribute to the defeat of the Russian people's revolution. We are convinced that such a defeat would mean the defeat of labor everywhere. We invite all other labor organizations, especially seamen, to boycott all steamers chartered by international capitalism against the Workers' International which is now massing its Red vanguards on the battlefields of revolutionary Russia.

THE WAR WENT TOO FAR—MILLIONS OF MEN and billions of dollars too far. The Supreme Council admits it when it goes about rebuilding what the war pulled down at such a heavy cost in blood and treasure. A monopoly of ruling-class privileges was the reward expected by the victors; actually they have fallen heir to a revolution that threatens the destruction of the very system of privilege. It is the fear of this universal cataclysm that sets the Supreme Council seeking allies among its bitterest enemies of a year ago. With the defeat of Germany the fears and animosities that so recently divided Europe into two rival political systems lost most of their significance; since that time the fear of the social revolution has tended more and more to replace the old national and dynastic rivalries. The Treaty is the product of the nationalistic system that gave the conqueror the right to grind his defeated rival into the dust. But the counter-revolutionary activities of the Allied powers are of a different order; they belong not to the war of nations but to the class struggle that divides Europe horizontally and gives the lie to nationalism at the very moment when the war has brought it to the height of its development. Mannenheim of Finland, Kolchak of Russia, and Joseph of Austria have profited in turn by the new diplomacy that joins dollars and dynasties in the defense of privilege. With these alliances of desperation threatened by the rising tide of revolt, how long will it be before the Supreme Council is compelled to acknowledge that from the point of view of the ruling class the war that started the revolution was a mistake?

Casual Comment

THE WAR AND ITS OUTCOME HAVE THROWN THE world into a welter of political thought and action, inevitably at the expense of interest in the creative arts. Speculation has seized upon this fact; by consequence each day adds a chapter to the discussion of what-is-most-worth-while-anyhow. One of these commentaries—a foundling editorial sheltered by a respectable weekly—finds good counsel in the past. Look, says the writer, at the Revolutionary Age of a hundred years ago. Where is Marat, killed miserably in his bath, and Charlotte Corday, silent now as her great bloodguilty victim. Where is the giant Danton, and Robespierre, Highpriest of Reason, burned in his own sacrificial fires. Among them all there is no voice speaking in an age that yet hears Schiller and Goethe, Bach, who came before, and Chopin, who came after. These men lived somewhat apart from the hot passions of their time; and as they stood, so their work stands today—"above the battle." Without denying the fact that individual achievement in the arts is kindlier treated by the years than is any great accomplishment in politics, we may yet dispute the frequent corollary—that in the arts is all permanence and perfection, in politics nothing but temporal futility. It is easy—and inane—to confuse the everlasting with the ever visible. Art builds up, toward the sun. A painting or a poem or a symphony that achieves greatness at the same time achieves individuality towering above temporal horizons. The great works that follow after must build anew for themselves; behind them stand always the monuments of the Masters.

But the type of thought that organizes and moves humanity in its daily tasks must build foundation-wise, flat upon the earth. To move the masses of men, thought must be not too lofty and individualistic, but simple and capable of being readily understood by the common run of humanity. Among prophets, one speaks too loftily, and has no audience but oblivion; another turns to brutalities, leads the mob, is trampled by the madness he sets loose; a third talks simply of things that most men see the good of, and perhaps arouses action a continent wide. Oblivion takes them all—the dreamer, the demagogue, the leader of men. It often takes the last sooner than the others: reforms once achieved become a commonplace; and the reformer, because of the practical turn that made leadership possible, too often turns conservator of what has been won; the political revolutionist may be the bitterest enemy of the communist, who nevertheless builds upon the political foundations and eventually hides them altogether from view. Thus in the group affairs of humanity what is best done is soonest out of date. The political past shows no long monumented corridors of beauty. The present is the mob-trampled foundation of the future. What was, is forgotten; what is, is not enough; what is to be will hide the best achievements of the present.

THE WAY MAPS ARE USED IN CURRENT war-books and histories is not calculated to increase respect for the geographic disciplines. Their function is formal and decorative. They run concurrently with the text and now and again break into the solid blackness of the printed page; but at best their success is typographic rather than topographic, artistic and not scientific. Even from the point of view of simple draughtsmanship the mean specimen is an affront to the one or two rules of cartography which every writer who must handle geographic data should be acquainted with. First, as to position. It is unpardonable, in the eyes of most geographers, to exhibit a section of territory without noting its latitude and longitude; for it is by these notations that any particular map may be referred to with convenience on any other map. Most writers have a heavy score against them on this count. The second requirement is intelligibility. Von Humboldt, we believe, laid down the maxim that a map should tell but a single story and do so selectively, without confusing the reader's perceptions with a number of other considerations. Thus if the author is depicting the lineup of the opposing forces in an engagement involving the capture and occupation of three towns and five villages, the best practice is to show these critical centers alone, without respect to the fifty other places which happen to be set down on the official maps of the region. Especially should this practice be followed when the map deals with a short sector of conflict, and is reduced to the scale of a half-inch equals two miles. To copy the details of the full scale military map is to court illegibility and marry confusion. A map to be studied by an experienced student may be pretty heavily studded with diverse kinds of data; but a map that accompanies a text is meant to be read like the text, and it is only by being drawn with a single eye to the point to be illuminated that it can become anything better than a decoration. Most authors however flounder helplessly in the hands of some uninterested map publisher or draughtsman, ignorant of the possibilities they fail to exploit. What geographic training might give them, a glance at Mr. H. J. Mackinders' *Democratic Ideals and Reality* (Holt) would show. His rough but suggestive maps are worth a whole atlas of more literal illustrations whose accuracy is no recompense for their ineffectualness and sterility.

THE TRICK OF TOYING WITH AN IDEA UNTIL it suggests another, and then of toying with that until it suggests a third, and so on indefinitely, is by no means the exclusive possession of the after dinner speaker. There are any number of essayists who let this indolent device serve them as the basis of technique, enabling them to be prolific as well as leisurely, although we recall no more faithful exponent of it than F. W. Boreham, who lives in Australia, and from that vantage spot strews his ideas in fragrant bunches upon the face of the earth. Six

of these bunches have now been imported by the Abingdon Press (New York), bearing titles as follows: *The Golden Milestone*, *The Silver Shadow*, *The Luggage of Life*, *Mountains in the Mist*, *Mushrooms on the Moor*, *Faces in the Fire*.

The boyish pastime of skipping stones across the surface of a pond furnishes a true parallel for the method of these sketches. Mr. Boreham may or may not have indulged this sport in youth, but there can be no question but that he has absorbed its technique to guide what he chooses to term a "truant pen" through the mazes of "its inordinate garrulity." The essays present themselves as exercises in seeing how many orderly mental "skips" can be secured from one throw across the placid pond of a conventional mind. Remarkable results may be obtained thus by simply drawing each sentence out of the tail of its predecessor, after the manner of the orator who counts upon interlocking anecdotes to conceal a mental blank. Not infrequently the final word of a sentence may be made by the propelling force of an entire new paragraph, and so by easy stages an entire essay evolved.

As a natural corollary of his method, the author revels in diversity. There is scarcely an imaginable conventional theme which does not bob up on one or another of the 1650 odd pages. "Have I written on earthquakes, weddings, sermons, and similar volcanic disturbances? I think not," he remarks at the beginning of one essay—and then hastens to repair the omission. That, undoubtedly, is why there are six of these volumes.

POETRY WRITTEN DURING THE WAR IS TINGED with the reflected light of the conflict even when it is not wrapped in the martial colors. War's emotional reactions linger like an afterglow when the sun itself has departed. From *Forward March* (Lane) to *Rediscoveries* (Cornhill) one runs the martial gauntlet, now thwacked by the club of patriotism or again barbed by the spear of satire.

In *Rediscoveries* Richard D. Ware has the bearing of the worldly and professional sarcast, and by means of a sardonic inflection and the bizarre emphasis that the free verse arrangement can be made to give, he makes a fairly sharp impression. The net effect, however, is weakened by lack of originality and a tendency toward safety in his choice of topics. His targets are the too common butts of reprobation—the suffragette, the pacifist, the Germans—crucified with platitudes. Such poetry is as weak as the mood that provokes it.

Forward March by Angela Morgan testifies to a liberated spirit. Her readiness knows few negations, no distinctions, never a doubt. The wells of her facility are unsealed by such an embracing confidence in the universe as is not everyday in this time of limited capacities. She is more convinced than anybody of God and the people, sermons in stones, and good in everything reconstructive.

In Mr. Hagedorn's *Hymn of Free Peoples Triumphant* (Macmillan) the note of deliverance, the depth, the panorama, the vibrations of solemnity, the profound assurance, the sense of menace, the zeal, all recall Old Testament Hosannahs. Yet despite these studious echoes and despite the greater fact that it draws breath and is dramatic in its own right, it is a closet hymn, to be read by the free peoples and not chanted—perhaps the free peoples of today do not know how to chant. This constructed language could not be expected to have the wild energy that burst abroad in the days of Elijah; there has been no such energy in modern times except perhaps Carlyle's. The war itself could not unleash that which the poet had not originally stored up.

The brevity, the qualities, the finish of *War Poems* (Yale University Press) come unexpectedly from a book of war verse. Their maturity is only slightly involved in chauvinism and jingles. Their preoccupations are inward and with the thought of fortitude and losing, with the reverberations of war in the heart, with the inevitable but never quite trite reflections on mortality that war brings to mind. They show several degrees of approach to finality: they range in authorship from John Finley to John Masefield and Robert Frost, whose *Not to Keep* is the ranking piece of the volume. Prized and studied simplicity of idiom and quiet maturity of mood are the claims of this book to recommendation.

Of a different mood, more close to the realism of the fighting man, is *En Repos and Elsewhere Over There* by Lansing Warren and Robert A. Donaldson (Houghton Mifflin). Here the routine of death and destruction is handled in a humorous and soldierly manner—perhaps the only manner that could bring a fighting man sane through war. In general the humor is that of the jolly undertakers—but for the authors, as for the safe civilian, neither routine nor good humor can be stretched to cover the wide panorama of war seen at a distance. In the words of the most aspiring phrase in the volume, the struggle demands "an Iliad of the Western World." If *En Repos* does not give us the desired Iliad, it is yet a book worth looking casually into.

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Communications

AMERICAN MONEY AND KOLCHAK PROPAGANDA

SIR: While the Lusk Committee and various "investigators" are excited to the point of hysteria because certain groups friendly to the Soviet Government are spending money in this country for the purpose of placing facts before the American people, no one seems to have inquired as to the enormous expenditures made by the Kolchak propagandists.

Where has Mr. A. Sack of the Russian Information Bureau obtained the money for his extensive campaign of misinformation? Full-page advertisements have appeared in various newspapers, and the Kolchak weekly, *Struggling Russia*, has been published necessarily at great expense. Is it true that the money being used in this propaganda is a portion of that granted by the American Government to the Russian Government out of the proceeds of the sale of war bonds?

In 1917 there was granted by the United States to Russia a credit of about \$300,000,000. At the time of Kerensky's fall about \$135,000,000 of this loan had been expended. What has become of the remainder? Was it left in the hands of Mr. Bakhmeteff, Kerensky's Ambassador to the United States? And is not the Russian Information Bureau a branch of that Embassy and are not its officials still on the Embassy pay-roll? If this be the case, is not American money being used in America for propaganda on behalf of the Kolchak regime?

R. P. Ross.

Boston, Mass.

INDIAN MELODISTS AND MR. UNTERMAYER

SIR: There are several ways of reviewing books; one may be captious, laudatory, or dispassionate. The critic should at least be reasonably fair. Mr. Untermeyer in his review of *The Path on the Rainbow*, the Book of Indian Poems (Boni & Live-right), has made a rather serious indictment of its editor, one which compels that individual to emerge in self-defense from what the critic evidently considers a purely nebulous state, and take up arms in his own behalf.

The case against the book consists of the following counts: that a so-called Indian croon alleged to have been translated by Carl Sandburg is, in reality, not Indian in origin at all; therefore, there is a strong likelihood of other inclusions being of questionable authenticity. To the first part of this count I plead guilty, the designation "translation" being a typographical error, resulting from the fact that the Table of Contents was the only part of the book which it was impossible for me to read in proof. Since the poem was reprinted by permission from Poetry Magazines where its authorship would

be known to readers of that magazine, my good faith in the matter need not, I trust, be seriously questioned. An investigation of the sources of the book will show that I have made every effort to distinguish between genuine literal translations and those poems which I have grouped under the head of Interpretations wherein the approach is through a medium not Indian; and there is not one of the aforesaid translators who is not an accepted authority on ethnology.

To the second count, that it was unwise to include in the Interpretations the "sentimental jingling" of the poems by Miss Johnson (Tekashon-weke), it must be confessed that it was against the judgment of the editor and only in deference to the wishes of the publishers, who argued the great popularity of that poet's works in Canada and elsewhere that inclusion was made. The poems in question show how far the Indian poet strays from her own primitive tribal songs, when attempting the White Man's mode. But then one must concede something to one's publishers!

There remain the questions of footnotes and of the value of some of the songs themselves. Mr. Untermeyer seems to be bewildered by the absence of notes to such a song as this:

Maple sugar
is the only thing
that satisfies me.

It is so unintelligible, inconsequential . . . dressed in its absurd pretentious *vers libre* make-up! But when Mrs. Austin explains the primitive background, the thing at once becomes illuminating and satisfying. "Ten thousand American boys in a foreign land singing Home Sweet Home is a very moving thing, and twice ten Indians at the ragged end of Winter, when the food goes stale and their very garments smell of wood smoke, singing their maple sugar song might sing a great deal of poetry into it—poetry of rising sap, clean snow water, calling partridge, and the friendly click of brass bowls and birch-bark sap buckets." Mr. Untermeyer would like to have all the poems similarly bulwarked by picturesque explanatory matter.

You see, the real secret of the poetry of the above song is, that the Indians are hungry, *hungry* for maple sugar. To critics who have lost their primitive gusto for maple sugar that sensation may well be a riddle. Well, we might take another song:

Oh
I am thinking
Oh
I am thinking
I have found
my lover
Oh
I think it is so.

We might add the proper footnotes to it such as: "This song represents the yearning of the Indian maiden for her lover. Such songs are sung in the evening when the herons are flying across the wild rice. It was said that in the old days all the love

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songs were associated with a man's qualifications to wed, this being determined by his success in war or in the buffalo hunt. The method of courtship was as follows:" and so forth. All this may make Mr. Untermeyer happy and contented, but personally I have cherished a passionate distaste for footnotes ever since that wretched academic period when, for every line of poetry or drama read, one had to plough through a jungle of notes at the bottom of the page, or at the back of the book. It seemed to me then that there was only one creature more horrible and contemptible than the teacher who sandbagged poetry, and that was the editor who crucified it with unnecessary notes.

GEORGE W. CRONYN.

Oakland, California.

IMAGISM: ORIGINAL AND ABORIGINAL

SIR: Your clipping of Mr. Untermeyer's answer to my criticism on his review of *The Path on the Rainbow* (Boni & Liveright) seems to condone my again insisting that even in his defense of himself Mr. Untermeyer betrays that tendency to begin his thinking at Greenwich Village or thereabout, which seems to me at present the most regrettable tendency in American literary criticism.

Mr. Untermeyer speaks of the Indian verse as a "crude reduction to Imagist verse form." What I tried to say before and Mr. Untermeyer still misses, is that Indian verse form is Imagism. It was not "reduced" to that form, it was made that way originally. In its original form the Maple Sugar song reads exactly as it is written in the *Anthology*. It is a three phrase song literally translated by one of the most careful students of Indian poetry, Frances Dinsmore. The Indian words being longer, fill out the measure of the rhythm, and in case the words do not quite fill out the measure, the Indian poet, contrary to our modern use, does not add more words, but fills in the measure with meaningless musical syllables.

Miss Dinsmore's translations are ethnic rather than poetic. I do not happen to know the Chipewewa language in which the song was originally written, but I do know the genius of Indian languages in general. They are holophrastic, that is to say, one word is actually made up of the essential syllables of a whole descriptive phrase. For example, there is an Algonquian word which an ethnologist would translate accurately as Dawn. But a poet would translate it no less accurately and more adequately and more Indianly as "Hither-whiteness-comes-walking." In the same manner the word which Miss Dinsmore translates as maple sugar, might actually have been something like this "the sweet-white-downdripping-blood-of-the-maple-tree" or "the-sweetness-which-I-draw-from-the-maple-with-my-flint-knife."

Now my contention has been from the beginning that unless Mr. Untermeyer knew something of the genius of the aboriginal Indian language, un-

less he knew something of Imagism besides what it looks like on paper, he had no right to review this book. Certainly he had no right to condemn it because it does not come within his notion of what poetry is in New York today. I admit the errors in editing the book, and particularly I admit my own liability to err in a subject so broad and so little studied, but I deny Mr. Untermeyer's right to object to the inclusion of particular poems in the book because they do not please him. Many Indian poems are banal, many are "jinglingly sentimental" as he describes Miss Johnson's *Paddle Song*, albeit Miss Johnson is, I understand, the only contributing translator with Indian blood, and probably closer than any of us to the genuine poetic values of what she translates.

Mr. Untermeyer must forgive me if he, as the more conspicuous figure, has drawn my fire. He is not the only poet who has reviewed the book under the impression that Imagism was invented in West Twenty-Third Street and perfected in Chicago.

MARY AUSTIN.

Santa Fe, N. M.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The Editors regret that pressure of space on this department compels them to announce this discussion of Mr. Untermeyer's review as closed.]

Contributors

Ben Legere began his career in the labor world as a machinist. Later he became editor of a workman's paper, and wrote a play called *Hunger*. During the period of the general strike he visited Winnipeg and other Canadian cities.

Phillips Russell is a former newspaper editor with metropolitan experience. He has written extensively on labor problems.

Herbert Gerhard Bruncken is a contributor to verse magazines and author of *Our Lady of the Night*, and *Other Poems* (1915).

The other contributors to this issue have previously written for *THE DIAL*.

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Notes on New Books

SAMURAI TRAILS. By Lucian Swift Kirtland. 300 pages. Doran.

It cannot be insisted too strongly that peace will never be kept between two countries who do not understand each other. Agitators still talk of a war between the United States and Japan. There is no reason for anything so foolish or fatal, except ignorance—ignorance of each other's methods of thinking and living. The value of a man like Lafcadio Hearn is immeasurable; such people pry beneath masks, explain the spiritual causes of customs, and expose the fundamental soil of humanity, which is the only ground on which a peaceful world can be established. Civilization, after all, is nothing but the sympathetic understanding of one's neighbor.

Lucian Swift Kirtland likes Japan because it is human and full of meaning. The curious customs he sees are an intellectual stimulus, a puzzle whose solution concerns the world. He possesses that most valuable accessory of common-sense, a sense of humor—humor which transmutes an irritating incident into a thing to be remembered with pleasure. He has the leisure and means to wander as he wishes, the physical strength and the adaptive personality to go where he wishes, and the taste for choosing places worth knowing. In 1914, he and a companion decided to wander about Japan. Later a Japanese of the samurai caste joined them. The fourth member of the party was a diabolical bicycle of native make, that almost ranks with Stevenson's Modestine. They wisely decided to avoid big cities, tourist haunts, and railroads; and the route they eventually selected was the abandoned trail upon which, before the upheaval of 1868, the samurai came from Yiddo to Nakescendo—Nakescendo, whose beauty was so cherished that its ancient adorers "did not allow their artists to paint it, nor their poets to sing of it to the world," and which consequently is now unknown.

Still more valuable is his easy but concentrated analysis of Japanese conventions and morals. Japan is a land of tradition; the centuries have formalized all life into system, just as their artists have formalized the rhythms of waves or clouds and the patterns of trees or rocks into unreal symbols. All these things must be patiently explained to the Occident. Nitobe's Bushido and Okakura's Book of Tea have done much; nevertheless there are extremely few Americans who could live in a Japanese household for a day without breaking at least half the rules of etiquette. The frightful matter of Japanese nakedness (or should one write "nudity?") has caused as much consternation as was caused three centuries ago in our own land, when the Jesuit priests tried to teach the American Indian what a shameful thing self-exposure was. They succeeded so illy, that many were tempted into the heresy that the Indian could not have inherited the sin of Adam! The Japanese seem equally unim-

pressionable. Kirtland solves the question to his satisfaction in a couple of pages, filled with respect for the belief of others, and a knowledge of the philosophy of clothes.

The Japanese know America pretty well; but we have been far too self-concerned to make a similar effort. Those who read this book will find it amusing; but it is much more—it is a thoughtful and sincere commentary on Japan, excellently told, a bridge between two proud nations.

AMERICAN CHARITIES. By Amos G. Warner. Revised by Mary Roberts Coolidge. 541 pages. Crowell.

Amos Warner was in his day, a half a century ago, almost as much of a pioneer as the lamented Carleton Parker of our generation. The two men had much in common in their connection with the academic and industrial life of the Pacific coast, in their important but unfinished work, and their untimely death. It is a happy thought that Carleton Parker, a generation hence, may seem as old-fashioned as Amos Warner does today, even decked out in shreds and patches of our contemporary costume. Mrs. Coolidge, in attempting another revision of "American Charities," has set herself a well nigh impossible task. The world has moved too fast and too far since the revision of this book in 1908 and is in too transitional a stage just now for this hour to seem the one appointed for such a formulation. The book is hardly of sufficient contemporary interest for the general reader, but for the social worker it is instructive and entertaining—and somewhat bewildering. To a reader capable of such discriminations, these variations on the theme of Warner appear to be written, as it were, in three keys at once, if such a figure is permissible. First, we distinguish the original basis of the Warner of the early nineties, discoursing on Pauperism, Institutional Care, and Charity Organization Principles, then the note of the revisor's interpolation of 1908, harping on the then new and all important science of Eugenics; finally the discordant tones so inharmonious with the old systematizations of the developing sciences of Mental and Social Hygiene, Health Insurance, and the Improvement of Industrial Conditions. On the whole, the point of view seems somewhat limited and the emphasis already somewhat obsolete—on old and dreary problems of institutional administration and pauperism, unilluminated by the interpretation of modern psychology and psychiatry, with their emphasis on the individual. One puts down this book with the sense that admirable as were the motives of the revisor in devotedly attempting to perpetuate the memory of a pioneer in social work, the net result falls short of justice to a man who was a progressive spirit in his time and who if he had lived today would have written a book radically different from anything that can be made out of his work of a generation ago.

THE FORGOTTEN MAN AND OTHER ESSAYS. By W. G. Sumner. 557 pages. Yale University Press.

This is the last of four volumes in which Prof. A. G. Keller has collected the essays of his late colleague, William Graham Sumner. The present volume gives chiefly the earlier essays; but they are marked with the vigorous realism which made Sumner's books outstanding contributions to the literature of sociology in America. The title essay argues that most schemes for social reform amount to nothing more than putting into the pocket of a more or less thriftless and shiftless person part of the earnings of the inconspicuous person who shifts and thrifts for himself; social betterment, Sumner urges, will consist rather in the discouragement of incompetence than in the protection of its exemplars. The essay bears the stamp of its time (1883), when it was more forgivable than it is now to base one's economics on the supposition that every man is the sole arbiter of his fate, and captain of his soul. An article on *The Philosophy of Strikes* (1883) points out how easily raises in wages can be nullified through corporation control of prices. In general the book is a valuable aid to old people who wish to make as intelligent a defense as may be of the devil-take-the-hindmost scheme of industry in the United States of thirty years ago.

THE GOOD MAN AND THE GOOD. By Mary Whiton Calkins. 210 pages. Macmillan.

A time like the present, when antagonistic political and social ideals contend for mastery, offers an unusual opportunity to the moral philosopher. And Miss Calkins has written not only a timely and stimulating book, but one which, despite its brevity, serves to introduce the reader to its chief concepts, problems, and rival theories of ethical discussion. Her own view, although totally free from sentimentalism, is expressive of strong social consciousness, sympathy and imagination. And while the discussion is conducted on an intellectual plane, this is done without the sacrifice of clearness or common sense.

To the casual reader there are some things about the book which invite irony: her illustrations for one thing. Her young women are apt to play harps, her young men to pull the stroke oar at college, her children to play with Great Danes, her adults to work on manuscripts, make a million dollars, or contribute to campaign funds. There are golden mornings in California, tramps in the Rockies, seasons at Newport, trips abroad, surf bathing, operas, auto-trips, and so on. In a word, its stage setting suggests opportunity, wealth, comfort—anything but squalor and struggle or even the moral conflicts of men and women as they come. One is tempted to change the title of the book to *Ethics for Ladies of Leisure*.

To take such liberty, however, would not only be ungracious but unfair. For despite this idiosyncrasy

of the author the book is a serious, straightforward presentation of a well-considered ethical standpoint, by a woman who has evidently experienced deeply, read widely, and thought with power and unusual freedom from bias. Moreover, the careful reader soon discovers that Miss Calkins is aware of facing concrete social problems, and is trying to face them; and that her theory is elaborated with direct reference to questions agitating contemporary men and women. Taken together with the excellent notes appended to the body of the book, and the literature there cited or referred to, the book is one of merit. It will be of service to those who are anxious to base their moral theory upon a knowledge of relevant social and psychological fact. Although an expert in psychology and a trained scientist, Miss Calkins finds it possible to vanquish the materialistic interpretation of social phenomena and to establish the superior claims of moral idealism. As a book written for the serious general reader as well as for the college student, and as an incentive to thinking on problems of personal conduct and social renovation, it is well conceived and ably executed.

THE SOUL OF DENMARK. By Shaw Desmond. 277 pages. Scribner.

The neutral countries, just now, are escapes in almost as romantic a sense as the middle ages or the fictional principalities of novelists. We have a curiosity as to what existence is outside the war.

The Soul of Denmark is a social critique of the Danish nation. Politics, co-operative dairying, system of high schools, fat, art, spiritual inertia, and divorce are analyzed as so many manifestations of the national temperament. The quantity and variety of observations that Mr. Desmond has been able to make and record in four years are a testimony to his activity and alertness, and, if occasionally in one's course through his pages one doubts that so many emanations could be accurately probed in so limited a time, it is a convincing portrait of the Dane that emerges from the masses of detail. Moreover, Mr. Desmond found a dramatic crisis ready to hand in the war; so that there is the thrill of the novel in the exhibition of the character of the Dane under test circumstances. Critic and skeptic, tolerant towards himself and others, inaccessible to any disturbing emotion or supersensual enthusiasm, he stands outside the war, uncomprehending, and placidly reaping its chance harvest. Like so many writers with a thesis to prove he assumes a special vocabulary. "Three-dimensional," the sixth sense, "to propagand"—he amply explains and illustrates his phrases but quotation marks follow upon the heels of capitals until one longs for a paragraph of words used in an every-day manner. But these distracting mannerisms are only superficial. Mr. Desmond's passion for Georg Brandes has not been unavailing, and it is in a finely critical spirit that he has made his appraisal of the Danish soul.

SOCIAL WORK. By Richard C. Cabot. 188 pages. Houghton Mifflin.

Richard C. Cabot believes in social work. He seems to believe in it as a constructive part in progress. In the first he is right; so long as there is a system of economic organization that turns out people who lack opportunity, who, when any interruption occurs in the undeviating program of earning a living, lack funds for the barest necessities, we must provide relief, whether publicly or privately. He is right also in placing emphasis on the medical approach to social work—it is probably the only approach that does not tend to fasten the insult of charity and subservience on the beneficiary. He is right in emphasizing the need for self-reliance and information, rather than for alms and nostrums. He is right in so far as social work is ever right. But social work is a symptom of a great wrong: it can not, by and large, be constructive. It presupposes a state of society in which large numbers of the population will not be able to provide for themselves, educationally, medically, economically. Modern industry forces the study and practise of social work as a profession. Dr. Cabot dodges this issue. He says, for instance, "Bad conditions of industry are doubtless a factor in the production of tuberculosis, but we must realize how many and important the other factors are. The eight or ten hours a person spends in industry is often a small factor in producing his ill health, compared to the fourteen or sixteen hours he spends outside the industry." We should like to ask Dr. Cabot why workers spend their hours outside the factory in ways that are injurious to health. Again in his discussion of the moral poisoning of monotony he declines to meet the facts half-way. He describes the sense of injustice as "a sense that it is not right that somebody else, whom the Lord did not make very different, has so much more of money and opportunity and happiness than the person himself has. It is altogether a secondary question to discuss whether that is true or not. I do not myself believe that the rich are any happier than the poor. On the whole, I think the evils of money are just as great as the evils of poverty." "Can we do anything about it?" he asks. "We can help people to see things differently." It is a pity that Dr. Cabot, a leader in the study and practice of social work should have so limited his horizon and his criticism to the immediate, not the fundamental causes for the necessity of relief.

THE SEE-SAW. By Sophie Kerr. 360 pages. Doubleday, Page.

Here is an example of what may happen when the writer of a novel manipulates the strings with too much confidence. Miss Kerr is continually appearing over the heads of her chief personages, beckoning to the reader to share her own impregnable belief in the adroitness of her handiwork. Whenever she contrives a particularly smart speech to put into

the mouth of one of her characters, the other person who chances to be involved in the dialogue is delegated to put it in italics by repeating it. Thus the philandering husband describes himself as "only imperfectly domesticated," and evokes Miss Kerr's approval in the mouth of the next speaker: "That's a wonderful description of you, Harleth. I'd never thought of you in just those words, but that's it, exactly. You're very imperfectly domesticated." After a time one begins to take exception to this repeated throwing of a sop to sophistication, and to suspect the author of sparring for cosmopolitan smartness with a boarding-school reach. Especially in such passages as this:

"What is it about Leila," she asked, "that attracts men so much? She isn't clever—she isn't sweet. She isn't, when you come right down to it, so wonderfully good-looking. So far as I can see, she entirely lacks what Barrie calls 'charm,' in the usual acceptance of the word. What is it, Curt? Do you know?"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Curt, dryly. "I can tell you in one word—provocation. Or, sex. I don't mean that she's feminine—I mean that she's female."

"Upon my word!" gasped Marcia. "Have you taken to reading Dreiser novels, Curt?"

"I admit that I was coarse," returned Curt, calmly, helping himself to salad, "but you asked me—and I answered you according to the best of my belief and opinion."

After this amazing calmness in the face of salad and sex, we were quite prepared for the further revelations of the intricate Leila, even unto her ultimatum, which runs: "It's simply not decent to have no pearls."

AMERICAN CIVIL CHURCH LAW. By Carl Zollman. 473 pages. Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Vol. (LXXVII.) Columbia University Press.

The title of the series does not very clearly fit this work. It is neither history, economics, nor public law. Unmistakably it is a book on private dogmatic law. But since any somewhat complete treatment of a subject in private law necessarily must have in it something of history, a little, at least suggestively, of economics, and cannot wholly avoid some of the many phases of public law, we may overlook a mere inconsistency of form; and this is especially true when the author's labor can be commended, as is the case here, and when he cannot be held accountable beyond his own work which is correctly enough entitled, or for the restrictive aims of a faculty of political science of some twenty years ago. Chapters dealing with Religious Liberty, Forms, Nature and Powers of Co-operation, Church Constitutions, Schisms, Church Decisions, Clergymen, Officers, Pew Rights, and Cemeteries, sufficiently indicate the scope of treatment. It is a typical lawbook with the usual apparatus of footnotes of cases without which a practical lawbook in Anglo-American countries (which do not know such a source of law as Doc-

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trine) would be worthless. Naturally the author, writing as he does primarily for lawyers and not laymen, observes too closely at times the current fashions. It is solemnly and punctiliously set down that "putting 'hat drops' in the dog of a worshipper with intent to disturb the congregation by the convulsions into which the animal is thrown" will subject the offender to punishment under a "disturbance of meeting" statute. A mere layman would have guessed as much, but a lawyer must have more certain information and the author gives just such a case in the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals. The same chapter is full of similar legal bromides. The canon that the obvious is not to be mentioned is not the rule in the writing of lawbooks. Not all of the chapters, however, exhibit the fault of stringing together a list of cases without analytical discrimination which is the common vice of American law textbooks. The chapter on Church Decisions, for example, is a critical, and we believe a valuable, commentary on the leading case of *Watson v. Jones*. The chapter on Religious Liberty, also, is well written and presents a readable, interesting, and clear statement of the reaction of our system of law to Christianity.

THE MULATTO IN THE UNITED STATES.

By Edward Byron Reuter. 417 pages. Badger; Boston.

The book in hand purports to be "an attempt to state one sociological problem arising when two races, divergent as to culture and distinct as to physical appearance, are brought into contact under the conditions of modern life and produce a hybrid offspring whose characteristic physical appearance prevents them from passing as either the one or the other." Beginning with the earliest inter-racial intercourse in later primitive times, when no mixed blood race seems to have existed, we are taken in a survey of the Moriscos, the Eurasians, the half-bred Eskimos, the zambos, the metis, the mestizos, and many other half-castes, as a preliminary to the study of the American mulatto. An historical study of the rise of this last type in the United States shows that like other half-castes it is the result of illicit relations between men of the "superior" and women of the "inferior" race. Aspiring in effect to an unattainable status with the white race, the mulatto is admired by the pure blacks because of his white blood, and he is practically forced into the role of leader among his darker fellows. This function of leader he is able to fill as well as he does partly because of his close contact with the whites. As a matter of fact most eminent American Negroes have actually been mulattoes. "The relative chances of a black child and a mulatto child . . . attaining to a position among the elite of the race are from thirty-four to fifty, or perhaps a hundred times as great in the case of the child of mixed blood." To sub-

stantiate this generalization direct inquiries were made into the ancestry of 4,267 Negroes or mulattoes who have at some time been men or women of at least a certain degree of note. Whether this cultural prominence of the mulatto is chiefly the effect of an original superiority in his nature, or whether it is because of his better opportunities we do not know. Nor would the existing sociological situation be much affected if we did know. The mulattoes are, persistently, the property owners, the business men, the agitators, the educated men, and the spokesmen of their race. In ethnological and social study they must be examined in such a light; and it must be borne in mind that truths which will apply to the mulattoes will not apply to the pure Negroes. This summary is a poor reflection of the fine scientific scholarship displayed in this unique ethnological book—a book as charming in style and as well documented in fact as *Crawley's Mystic Rose*.

THE NEAR EAST FROM WITHIN ANONYMOUS.

256 pages. Funk and Wagnalls.

For this type of book, currently classified as history, there is little or nothing to be said. Put out anonymously by a secret political agent, attached, as the context proves, to the German Foreign Office, it is as remarkable for its abysmal ignorance of all the veritable forces at work in human life as it is detestable for its flunkey-like attitude toward the great and powerful, and its busy, self-important retelling of the gossip which circulates in their ante-chambers. In the decade before the outbreak of the Great War this particular agent flitted like a bat through the dusky air enveloping the courts of Constantinople, Belgrade, Sofia, and the other Balkan states, covertly entering into a note-book the echoes and alarms which reached him with an eye to the day when he might advantageously dispose of them to the highest bidder. An unsystematic hodge-podge, the book is a good illustration of the manner in which an ignoble mind sees history, and shows besides how history, taken on this level, is indistinguishable from that ugly monster which Virgil long ago portrayed for us under the name of Rumor.

What is there new and remotely valuable in these two hundred pages of gossip which a student, making the serious, social-political approach to the Balkan problem, is likely to have missed and may find advisable to take into account in his coherent story of human evolution? Nothing, absolutely nothing! Let us convince ourselves once and for all and remain satisfied that the fluctuating opinions of sovereigns and leading politicians, at least in the impoverished form in which they reveal themselves to the average official of what each nation euphemistically calls its Intelligence Bureau, are historically negligible. And if this be so, it logically follows that that government which, determined to build its policy on the valid social, economic, and other contribu-

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tory forces involved in the problems of national life, first resolutely dispenses with the service of this gentry, must obtain an enormous advantage over its more shallow, nervous rivals, deflected from a deliberate course by every wind that blows.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME, 44 B.C.—476 A.D. By Guglielmo Ferrero and Corrado Barbagallo. 516 pages. Putnam.

The second volume of Ferrero and Barbagallo's new history is a complete disappointment of the hopes raised by their vivid story of the monarchy and the republic. The authors indulge in a good deal of awkward propaganda on behalf of limited monarchy as a form of government; they have only a sneer for the attempts of Stocism to preserve liberty of conscience during the first century; and they succeed in making the parallel growth of anarchy and absolutism, which is the great phenomenon of the third and fourth centuries, perfectly incomprehensible. The rise of Christianity, which was of course mainly due to the despair of the state felt by the lower classes, is given the most perfunctory treatment. One serious question is suggested by the appearance of such a book. Our schools and colleges are flooded with "textbooks" which are but little if at all superior to this composition of Ferrero's. These textbooks narrate selected and superficial events, but of the unbroken current of human desire which underlies events they tell nothing. The picture of the past which is thus inserted into the mind of the ordinary student becomes a ridiculous and dangerous falsehood. What shall be done when professional historians spread the illusion of knowledge and not the reality?

A HISTORY OF LATIN AMERICA. By William Warren Sweet. 283 pages. The Abingdon Press.

To present the history of the whole of Latin America—Mexico, Central America, and South America—from the time of the Spanish conquest up to the present day, together with a brief statement of conditions and problems, in a single volume of convenient size, is a bold enterprise. It has been fairly well accomplished by the Professor of History at De Pauw University, in *A History of Latin America*. The work is done conscientiously and the book has real value for reference. The style is dry in the extreme, although the matter in itself is of almost romantic interest. There are many typographical errors and misspellings, particularly in personal names—a thing unfortunate where sources for correction are little accessible. The illustrations are few and of no artistic value, being clumsily grouped reproductions of portraits too different in style, age, and proportions to go well on one plate, but maps and diagrams add to the usefulness of the book.

FIELD AND STREAM. By John Burroughs. 337 pages. Houghton Mifflin.

This book exhibits a phenomenon in these days most rare—a first class mind at peace with the world, contemplating the seasonal procession of Nature and the placid circling of the stars. What Burroughs says of Emerson he might have written of himself: he goes into the woods "not to bring home bird or botany lore, but to fetch the words of the wood-god to men." The section of the volume devoted to field sketches opens "not so much a notebook full of notes of birds and trees as a heart warmed and refreshed by sympathetic intercourse and contact with these primal forces." In *Study Notes*, observations made afield come to fruition in philosophy, confessedly uncodified, but set out with a richness of feeling that is too often lacking in philosophical writing. Appropriately enough there are here discovered new paragraphs in appreciation of Whitman, "the one cosmic poet, more occupied with the orbs than any other and all other poets." And likewise a question phrased in epic language: "Are we ourselves anything more than the tracks of the Eternal in the dust of the earth?"

LA JEUNESSE DE JOUBERT. By André Beaunier. 349 pages. Perrin et Cie., Paris.

The twofold interest of this study is that it brings to light fresh material both about the youth of Joubert and about his love affair, hitherto unknown, with the wife of Restif de la Bretonne. Thus the chaste and academic legend concerning the moralist, promoted by Sainte-Beuve, Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Babbitt, is in danger of being overthrown. M. Beaunier insists that Joubert remains primarily a sensitive and withdrawn "soul"; but in his youth at least the soul seems to have taken on quite a corporeal covering. We have details concerning the influence of his mother, the character of his early churchly education, his first worldly period and his frequentations in Paris. These included such men as Diderot, the light poet Dorat, Fontanes as intimate friend and through him the notorious Restif de la Bretonne. Scamp as he was, Restif had a wife who was little better, and one wonders what Joubert was doing in that galley. The rather scandalous and disillusioning story of this triangle now appears as revealed in the fiction of Restif himself, in which Joubert and Fontanes figure, disguised by obvious anagrams. Restif, sensualist and realist, shows up all parties pitilessly. The construction of M. Beaunier's book is rambling and episodic and devotes too much space to third-rate characters only slightly connected with Joubert. But it is written with subtlety and understanding and the main thesis of Joubert's rather grimy "affair" is henceforth established—hardly to his credit as a man, though it may have given him material and penetration as a moraliste.

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Comparative Education, by H. W. Foght, A. H. Hope, I. L. Kandel, W. Russell, and Peter Sandiford (500 pages; Dutton), takes stock, with the aid of statistical tables, of the educational systems of the United States, Germany, England, France, Canada and Denmark. Review later.

Freedom of Speech in Wartime, by Zechariah Chafee, Jr. (41 pages; Dunster House Bookshop; Cambridge, Mass.), Number 1 of Dunster House Papers, is a reprint from the Harvard Law Review of a pregnant criticism of the working of the Espionage Act during wartime. The author concludes, after an examination of numerous cases in point, that "in our efforts to silence those who advocated peace without victory we prevented at the very start that vigorous threshing out of fundamentals which might today have saved us from a victory without peace."

The Greater War, by George D. Herron (101 pages; Kennerley), endeavors to show that the war is not yet at an end and that a greater war between Germanism and democracy "now spreads its vaster and more fateful fields." An erratic book that leaves the reader with a lingering curiosity as to whether Mr. Herron did not actually found the National Security League rather than the Rand School.

Germany's Moral Downfall, by Alexander W. Crawford (217 pages; Abingdon Press), is another one of those books which the presses continue to put forth because they have not the power to overcome the original impetus that the war gave these disquisitions. It is time to restate Newton's law: Minds at rest continue at rest, and minds in motion continue in motion, unless externally acted upon by the publisher.

German Social Democracy During the War, by Edwin Bevan (280 pages; Dutton), puts together in a consecutive narrative the principal events which make up the history of the German Social Democrat Party from the outbreak of the Great War to November 1917.

Russia and Germany at Brest-Litovsk, by Judah L. Magnes (193 pages; Rand School of Social Science), does not claim to open secret sources for the first time, or to close finally the controversy to which this subject has given rise. Rather the author sets for himself the task of arranging in chronological order and linking together with notes of his own writing the material on the Brest-Litovsk affair which has already appeared in the press. Students of Russian history will find ample use for this unpretentious compilation.

Germany's New War Against America, by Stanley Frost (190 pages; Dutton), is symptomatic of the latest psychosis developed by the New York Tribune and Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer in reaction to a post-bellum "menace." For Union League readers only!

Women and World Federation, by Florence Guertin Tuttle (250 pages; McBride), is a plea for women to assume the initiative in creating an effective structure of lasting peace. It appears that Mr. William H. Taft, in his introduction, confuses such a structure with the one destined to support the present coalition of governments.

What America Did, by Florence Finch Kelly (343 pages; Dutton), takes the reader forth on a kind of Cook's tour glimpsing all the multifarious activities of America's war. A supplementary volume on What America Didn't is needed to complete the story.

Helping France, by Ruth Gaines (235 pages; Dutton), presents an account of the activities of the American Red Cross in France; the volume is illuminated with reproductions of etchings and wood-cuts of French villages and villagers.

Ireland's Fight for Freedom, by George Creel (199 pages; Harper), attempts to set forth the high lights of Irish history. A book not to be compared with Irvine's Carson or Hackett's Ireland.

Vestigia: Reminiscences of Peace and War, by Charles Court Repington (373 pages; Houghton Mifflin), have the interest that adheres to a career that took the author through the Second Afghan War, the Burmese War, the Atbara Campaign, the Omdurman Campaign, and the South African War. Readers must, however, wait for a second volume to learn of the author's more sedentary, but not less exciting adventures as military adviser to Tory newspaperdom.

Commemoration of the Centenary of the Birth of James Russell Lowell, (88 pages; Scribner), records for the American Academy of Arts and Letters—under whose auspices the New York Centenary was held, February 19-22, 1919—the addresses, poems, and exercises of that occasion, made memorable by the contributions of John Galsworthy, Alfred Noyes, and Stephen Leacock, besides the American speakers.

Studies in the Elizabethan Drama, by Arthur Symonds (261 pages; Dutton), adds to the publishers' recent Symonds volumes a collection that includes ten essays on Shakespearean plays, and essays on Massinger, Day, and Middleton and Rowley. Penetrating criticism here reinforces a scholarship devoid of pedantry. Review later.

The Changing Drama: by Archibald Henderson (120 pages; Stewart & Kidd, Cincinnati), reprints a survey which, appearing just before the outbreak of the War, received from the stage less substantiation of its predictions than might have been the case had the theater been permitted an uninterrupted development. Whether the "new" drama will now pick up where it (or most of it) left off in 1914, remains to be seen; but certainly no other discussion of the "dramatic renaissance" unrolls before the interested playgoer so broad or rich a panorama of the field. Review later.

A Treasury of War Poetry: Second Series, edited by George Herbert Clarke (361 pages; Houghton Mifflin), includes several hundred bad poems about the war and a few that are good enough to redeem the volume. Beyond the patriotic blarney of the numerous stay-at-homes rise the few clear voices of the warrior poets themselves: Gilbert Frankau, Robert Nichols, Siegfried Sassoon, Frederic Manning. These men have written poems; the rest, literature. Review later.

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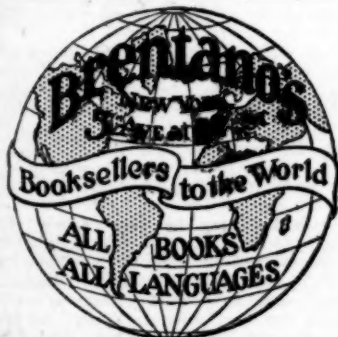
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Dreams, and **Gibes**, by Edward Sapir (72 pages; Richard G. Badger; Boston), is seldom of the magic of poetry, but often of such harsh, warped magic as a poet these days can at best hope to wring from life. These lines reveal a free, idealistic spirit whom the world finds more than usual difficulty in hog-tying and hamstringing. Many of Mr. Sapir's shorter pieces show a valuably suggestive turn of thought—not quite poetically "turned." Excrescences, too, are apt to be tacked on these tiny things, at their endings. Of the longer poems, strangely enough, two in more conventional forms, *The Woman on the Bridge* and *The Water Nymph*, come perhaps as close as any to beauty as well as depth.

Ironica, by Donald Evans (75 pages; Nicholas L. Brown; New York), is at first reading but another slightly more conventional volume in the direct line of this poet's *Discords*, *Sonnets from the Patagonian*, *Two Deaths in the Bronx*, and *Nine Poems from a Valetudinarian*—save for one far-surpassing new narrative, *At the Bar*. In the *Ironica* section itself, among the stilted self-imitative lyrics, Evan's insight into unpleasantnesses is still present, but with what, on second weighing, seems a surer aptness of philosophy and phrases; at witness here, *After a Two-Hour Dinner*, *Without Benefit of Surgery*, and *Nature's Cowardice*.

Footsteps and Fantasies, by C. J. Druce (64 pages; Longmans, Green), has a title which aptly mirrors its content. Reality is echoed like a footstep in some of the verses, while in others the mood and imagery are fantastic. Mr. Druce writes with smooth lyric vigor.

The Yale Book of Student Verse: 1910—1919, edited by John W. Andrews, Stephen Vincent Benet, John Chipman Farrar, and Pierson Underwood (212 pages; Yale University Press), comprises the selected work of twenty-five Yale poets of the last decade. Sound and workmanlike verse with little radicalism; Tennyson would have approved of it. The poems by Stephen Vincent Benet are distinctly the best in the volume. Most of his confreres write either as adolescents or as cynical old men; he alone displays the fine enthusiasm of youth. In compiling his last college anthology, Mr. Schnittkind chose only one poem from Yale. One wonders why, considering that the work of these poets, in spite of their shortcomings, far excels the standard of *The Poets of the Future*.

The Poems and Prose of Ernest Dowson (219 pages; Boni & Liveright), should both prove the most valuable recent addition to their Modern Library. The exquisite lyrics of that tragically frustrated spirit have never been too accessible, nor his prose works sufficiently known. This volume omits, unfortunately, the prose decorations, but it reprints his characteristic collection *Dilemmas: Stories and Studies in Sentiment* (1895) and adds the Arthur Symonds Memoir.

Sylvia and Michael, by Compton Mackenzie (323 pages; Harper), says the author, "is really Book three of *Sylvia Scarlett*." These "later adventures of Sylvia" plunge her into the war, in the Rumanian theater, and leave her sighing that everything comes to an end. "Except one thing," says Michael Fane, about to propose marriage and be accepted, "and that sets all the rest going again." So we have probably not yet done with these delightful puppets. *Sylvia Scarlett* was reviewed in *The Dial* for November 30, 1918; *Sylvia and Michael* will be reviewed shortly.

The Tunnel: Pilgrimage IV, by Dorothy M. Richardson (342 pages; Knopf), gives the reader, as in the previous books, an intensely subjective portrait of the heroine. But whereas her life had, in them, a unity however artificial, its increased complexity with Miriam's solitary independence in London serves to enhance the difficulties of the author's method. The impressions are not so sharp, are more scattered, in short, are less often vividly realized. The distinctively feminine quality of the author's insight, however, seems intensified. Miss Richardson's work remains intrinsically interesting. Review later.

Jinny the Carrier, by Israel Zangwill (607 pages; Macmillan), is a tale of rural life in Essex, which the author describes as a "bland" novel, "to be read in bed with a sore throat." There is plenty of broad humor throughout, in the well individualized characters with their crotchety notions of conduct and religion, and Jinny is a joy, but the novel as a whole is inordinately slow and long drawn out. Review later.

The Passionate Pilgrim, by Samuel Merwin (403 pages; Bobbs-Merrill), is an attempt to foist upon us as the verisimilitude of genius a most unlikely figure of a down-and-out novelist who becomes suddenly forceful enough to bludgeon his way back to the rank of the successful. The book is badly conceived, cluttered, and carelessly written.

Ramsey Milholland, by Booth Tarkington (218 pages; Doubleday, Page), is a series of chapters out of the life of an inarticulate wholesomely dull, exaggeratedly average American boy, whose later school days are interrupted by war service over-seas. The keynote is simplicity both of event and method, and the performance of the volume is precisely adequate to its promise.

The Young Visitors, by Daisy Ashford (105 pages; Doran), was written by a romantic nine-year-old—if Sir James M. Barrie in his whimsical preface is not making game of his readers. It is a "novel" of Victorian high life, and the quaintly pretentious style and the engaging worldly wisdom of the little author make it luscious reading.

The Man with the Lamp, by Janet Laing (313 pages; Dutton), presents through the medium of a love story the various attitudes of a scientist, the president of a small town Women's Patriotic League, a musician, and a spiritual young German, towards Germany and the Germans. Though the plot inclines toward the stupidly melodramatic, the author's treatment of her hero, the German boy, is interestingly sympathetic.

Isaacs, by Joseph Gee (317 pages; Lippincott), is an episodic and somewhat superficial study of a London Jew, in the mold of fiction. The humor seldom rises above that which may be extracted from the narration of sharp practices in petty business.

Renee Mauperin, by E. and J. de Goncourt (234 pages; Modern Library, Boni & Liveright), appears translated in a popular edition, with Zola's *Notre* included. First published in 1864, the vignette chapters of this acute and sympathetic study of the contemporary French scene, with their depiction of the complacencies of revolutionists turned prosperously conservative and the rebellions of a sterling young girl remain singularly modern. And the long record of Renee's mortal illness belong to the art that is timeless.

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